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“It was the impression of a blood-stained hand on the door.”—(*See page 49.*)

THE TRUE STORIES
OF
CELEBRATED CRIMES

Adventures of the
World's Greatest Detectives

BY
GEORGE BARTON

Frank Hollis

McKINLAY STONE & MACKENZIE
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PREFACE.

It is a trite saying that "truth is stranger than fiction." Like most proverbs, this one has to be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. It is a fact, nevertheless, that the raw truth often possesses greater human interest than the most polished fiction. Crime, in itself, is painful and sometimes repulsive, but a study of the methods of criminal investigation by which difficult problems are solved and the guilty brought to justice, is entertaining and may be profitable. With this thought in mind, the reader is invited to a consideration of a few of the famous cases that are to be found in the history of the world's greatest detectives.

Each story is complete in itself, and outside of its own interest is intended to illustrate the peculiar system of the official and the nation therein portrayed. Vidocq, the great French detective, was undoubtedly a rascal and mountebank, and the story of his life is fairly familiar, but it was thought necessary to include one of the exploits of Vidocq in this series because he enjoys the reputation of being the "Father of Detectives," ranking

as the first regularly authorized investigator of crime known to history. The officials of Scotland Yard, in London, who enjoy a world-wide reputation in their profession, figure in three of the narratives. They work in the most prosaic manner imaginable, but they somehow manage to get results, and that is what counts in the police world. General Trepoff is presented as a typical example of the Russian policeman—cold, remorseless, and as inevitable as fate. Chief Wilkie, of the United States Secret Service, is given as the most conspicuous example of the intelligent, resourceful, and aggressive American detective of the present day.

The stories speak for themselves. Most of the narratives are literally true. All are based on established facts, but in a few instances the real names of the culprits have been suppressed as a matter of charity to their descendants who are still in the land of the living. With the exception of necessary liberties in construction and a few pardonable embellishments, these stories may be accepted as a series of real human documents.

G. B.

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CHIEF WILKIE AND THE GOLD CERTIFICATES.

[John E. Wilkie, Chief of the Secret Service Division of the United States Government, has not only upheld the high traditions of that very responsible post, but has won special laurels by his personal success in several big cases. He was born in Elgin, Illinois, forty-seven years ago, and before accepting the headship of the Secret Service made an enviable reputation as a working journalist. While connected with the Chicago newspapers, he made a specialty of criminal investigation which probably partly accounts for his unusual success as a detective. During the Spanish-American War he organized a special emergency force of men to checkmate Spanish spies in this country. As a consequence, he succeeded in arresting their best spies and driving most of the others off the soil of the United States. The real name of the culprit in the narrative that follows has been charitably concealed under an alias.]



NE Monday morning, not many years ago, a smartly-dressed man strolled down lower Broadway and entered one of the trust company buildings in the heart of the financial district of New York. He was what is known to the patrons of the turf as a bookmaker, and he had called at the bank for the purpose of securing a roll of bank-notes that he left there on the previous Saturday night

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for safe-keeping. It was promptly handed to him, a roll as big as both of his fists. He counted it over rapidly to see that the amount was correct and when he got near the end of the roll, paused long and looked earnestly at a one-hundred dollar gold certificate which lay there conspicuously among the bills of smaller denominations. He continued his study of the "yellow back" for a considerable period, and finally thrusting the balance of the bills in his pantaloons' pocket, walked over to the cashier and handed him the bill.

"What's the matter with this note?" he asked.

The bank official looked at it casually and handed it back with a smile.

"Nothing," he answered, "except that it's a counterfeit."

The bookmaker gasped with astonishment. He went over his roll and found three or four more notes of the same kind. That morning he notified his fellow bookmakers, and before twenty-four hours had passed, thirty or forty of the counterfeit notes had been located in New York City. Samples were immediately secured by the authorities and forwarded to John E. Wilkie, the Chief of the Secret Service Division of the United States Treasury Department. That night urgent public business compelled Chief Wilkie to go to

Buffalo. The following morning, while he was seated in the office of the United States District Attorney in that city, a man from the Knickerbocker race track entered the room and showed the District Attorney a hundred-dollar counterfeit note that had been given him on the track the previous day. Wilkie began to do some hard thinking. The note was a companion of those that had been located in New York City. It looked very much as if there had been a conspiracy to circulate these hundred-dollar notes simultaneously at the race tracks in all of the large cities of the United States.

The Chief dropped the business in hand and immediately turned his attention to the new developments in the hundred-dollar counterfeits. Telegrams were sent to the agents of the secret service, instructing them to visit the race tracks in their vicinity and look out for bogus bills. These instructions applied particularly to Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, New Orleans and St. Louis.

At St. Louis, Captain John Murphy, the secret service agent in charge of that district, went to the Delaware race track and posted the bookkeepers to look out for any one-hundred-dollar bills that might be offered them. Agents of the service

were posted in various parts of the track, and it was agreed that if any of these certificates were offered by any of the patrons the bookmakers should at once give the secret service agents a pre-arranged signal. In less than two hours one of the agents received a signal and hurried to the booth occupied by the bookmaker. He made a careful examination of the bill that had been given to the bookie and found that it was one of the counterfeits. The agents were then posted at spots where they could see the patrons of the track in the act of "cashing-in" their winnings. The man who had put up the one-hundred-dollar bill made his bet on the favorite, and he came out a winner. When the victor called to receive his **winnings** he was immediately placed under surveillance. There was nothing about the man to attract particular attention. He was neatly but plainly dressed, and bore all of the outward indications of a prosperous business man. After receiving his **winnings** he walked into the rear of the grand stand and, making a roll out of the money he had just received, placed it in his trousers' pocket. Then he took out of his vest **ppocket** another hundred-dollar bill for the next race. The secret service man, who was at his very heels, made a two-dollar bet on the same horse. **The**

favorite won again. The man "cashed-in," and as he did so was taken into custody.

He was marched to the club-house and searched. A white envelope was found in his pocket, containing twenty-eight of the one-hundred-dollar counterfeit bills. He said his name was Robert Browne, the proprietor of an extensive photo-engraving establishment at Providence, Rhode Island. He was perfectly candid in his explanations. He said that he had been visiting the Fair and was a guest at the Southern Hotel, and that he would be very glad to refer the officers to any bank in the City of Providence for the purpose of establishing his moral and financial standing. Nothing, apparently, could be more straightforward. He was placed under arrest, however, and then the secret service men made an examination of his room at the Southern Hotel. There they found a suit-case containing \$4,700.00 in genuine money. He was asked then to explain how he came to be in possession of the counterfeit money. He said that on the previous afternoon he had gone to the Union Station for the purpose of having the return half of his railroad ticket validated. As he came out of the ticket agent's office, the electric lights were suddenly turned on in the waiting room, and he saw in the corner on

the floor a long, white envelope. He picked it up and found that it contained three thousand dollars in one-hundred-dollar bills. He immediately went to the office of one of the local newspapers and inserted an advertisement telling of his discovery, and offering to restore the money to its lawful owner. This part of his story was verified by the little identification check which is given to small "ad" patrons by the big daily newspapers. In addition to this there was a clipping from the paper containing a copy of the advertisement which read as follows:

FOUND: In the Union Station, late yesterday afternoon, a sum of money in bank-notes, which owner may have after proving property, by applying to X-43, this office.

Browne was perfectly cool and self-possessed at every stage of the inquiry and persisted in his story in a manner that convinced many of the officials that he was telling the truth. An inquiry was immediately instituted at Providence, and this verified every feature of his story. It was shown that he had a high standing there in social, business, and religious circles, and there was a great deal of honest resentment among his friends and associates over what they termed "the awful blunder of the police" in attempting to associate Robert Browne with the crime of passing counter-

feit money. To such an extent did this feeling prevail that a number of his friends got together and selected a representative citizen who was delegated to go to St. Louis for the purpose of entering bail, employing counsel, and doing whatever else might be deemed necessary to protect the rights of Mr. Browne. For ten long days the secret service officials and the authorities of St. Louis made every possible attempt to disprove or even to shake the story told by Robert Browne, but without any practical results. Under the circumstances, it really seemed that it would be necessary to release him for want of legal evidence.

Then John E. Wilkie, who had been directing the movements of his subordinates by wire, determined to take hold of the case in person.

He immediately took a train for St. Louis and after a number of interviews with his associates in that city, began to consider how to reach the weakest link in the strong chain of probability with which Mr. Browne had surrounded himself. One of the earliest movements made in the investigation was to discover the exact hour at which the electric lights were turned on in the Union Station. The engineer of the electric plant was consulted and his records showed that on this particular date the switch which put the lights into operation had

been turned at 5.40. Wilkie next sent to the newspaper office which had printed the found "ad" and requested a report upon the exact time at which the advertisement was accepted. The clerk who had received the notice was finally located, and he remembered distinctly that he had stopped work on that afternoon at five o'clock; the "ad" which he had received was the fifth or sixth above the last one, and according to his own calculation it must have been handed in at half-past four o'clock. This pointed to a discrepancy in Browne's statement of one hour and ten minutes.

It was important. It was the thin entering wedge which might produce great results.

One of the significant discoveries among Browne's effects was a number of programs of races at Gravesend and two or three of the eastern tracks, not to speak of one particular program which contained the entries of the races where the first bookmaker had received the one-hundred-dollar bill which he deposited with his roll in the Broadway Trust Company. Browne calmly admitted that he had attended all of these races; that he was a lover of horse flesh, and that he occasionally made small wagers on the results, but he denied positively having passed any of the other

one-hundred-dollar bills, and said that he had never had them in his possession until he found the white envelope at the Union Station in St. Louis.

Wilkie did some very severe thinking at this stage of the game, and out of it all came the theory that if Browne was guilty, he might have used similar subterfuges in passing counterfeit money at the eastern tracks. The Chief thereupon telegraphed New York and ordered that a careful search be made of the files of all the New York newspapers for the two months covering the racing season. It was like searching for the needle in the proverbial haystack, but it bore speedy fruit, for in the New York "Herald" of May 24th, the searchers discovered this advertisement:

FOUND: At the Grand Central Station, late yesterday afternoon, a sum of money in bank-notes which owner may have after proving property, by applying to B-34, Herald Office.

It is hardly necessary to say that by this time Mr. Wilkie had several specimens of Browne's handwriting. After the "ad" was located in the "Herald," the original copy was found in the records of the office and it was in the handwriting of Robert Browne.

The Government was now in possession of sufficient evidence to convict Browne, both of

passing and having in his possession counterfeit money, but the authorities did not know where the plates were, and how the money had been printed. The great big problem was to locate the plant, to pull it up by the roots, and effectually stop the circulation of these spurious notes. Browne might have confederates and his trial and conviction, while important in itself, would be a very incomplete satisfaction for the Government. One morning after the case had been pending for many weeks, and after Wilkie had all of the facts in his possession, Browne was brought to the office of the Secret Service Division in St. Louis, and Mr. Wilkie, placing his prisoner under parole, invited him to go out and take a bite to eat with him. The prisoner had already begun to feel the effects of his confinement and he was delighted to obtain even temporary liberty, and the satisfaction of a good meal at a first-class hotel.

The two men sat down together, and Browne was given a breakfast that would have delighted the palate, and warmed the heart, of the most confirmed epicure. It was topped off with a fine Havana cigar, and then, this formality having been disposed of, Mr. Wilkie proceeded to give Browne the "third degree." But this "third degree," so-called, differed as widely from the



“Browne,” said Wilkie, “your conviction is as certain as that the sun is shining this morning.”

popular conception of the operation as the day differs from the night. To begin with, the two principals sat down as man to man, and not in the relation of policeman to prisoner. Wilkie, then as now, was far removed from the type of detective so often found upon the stage and in the pages of the romancer. He did not then—and does not now—look like a detective, act like a detective, nor talk like a detective. On the contrary, he presented the outward aspect of a well-bred college man; modest-mannered, and with an intellect far above the average. He was quiet and self-contained, and at no time during the two hours they remained together was his voice raised above a conversational tone. A close observer though might have noticed that this gentlemanly person had a positive note in his voice and an unusual alertness in his manner. Browne, on his part, looked like a prosperous business man engaged in the discussion of some contract affecting his mercantile interests.

“Browne,” said Wilkie, “your conviction is as certain as that the sun is shining this morning.”

“You seem positive,” was the rejoinder. “What have you got to base your opinion upon?”

The Chief of the Secret Service then clearly and carefully outlined the case of the Government,

making it as strong as he felt justified in doing under the circumstances. At its conclusion, he said:

“Browne, your only hope of receiving the slightest consideration is to assist the Government in this case rather than resist it.”

Wilkie followed this up by plausible argument along the same line, and always pausing long enough to permit his words to sink into the man's consciousness. The argus-eyed representative of the United States Government knew by experience that there is nothing in this world more difficult for a man to do than to admit to another man that he has been guilty of wrong doing. He saw, therefore, the necessity of giving Browne an opportunity of confessing gracefully. He did this by suggestion, by inuendo, by appealing to the man's pride, by pleading with his patriotic instinct, and at last, by laying siege to his sense of justice. He said in substance:

“Browne, these notes are works of art, and it is a great shame that a man of your unusual talent should have, in a moment of weakness, permitted yourself to commit such a flagrant wrong against the public. I am sure, from what I have seen of you, that while you made the counterfeits, you did not originally intend to do so. I feel that, in

view of your recognized ability, and the fact that you are a student and enthusiast in engraving, you have been seized with a desire to prove how you could reproduce the almost faultless work of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing—a class of work that will always excite the envy and admiration of skilled engravers—that, filled with this desire, you began work in an experimental way; that you put it under the camera, and reproduced it to see if you could bring forth a bit of work that would rival the unrivalled production of the Government. Then, when this creation became a fact instead of a vision, you were seized with an overwhelming desire to see if you could actually circulate it as genuine money.”

Browne walked down the mental pathway which had been so carefully provided for him by Chief Wilkie as resistlessly as a child, and he admitted without any reservations whatever, that he had manufactured the notes. Having made this admission, it was not difficult to induce him to make a complete disclosure.

“You certainly brought more than these thirty notes to St. Louis,” said the detective.

“Oh, yes,” responded the counterfeiter.

“Where are they now?”

“At the Union Station.”

"In what part of the station?"

"In the baggage room."

"Where is the check?"

"I hav'n't got it. It's down stairs in the post-office."

Wilkie looked the astonishment he felt. Before he had time to put his thoughts into words Browne said:

"After inserting the advertisement in the paper, I put twenty-six thousand dollars in a hand-bag, together with several bottles of chemicals which I use to age the notes artificially. Then I placed the check which I received for the hand-bag in an envelope, addressed to myself under an assumed name, and directed to the general delivery office of the post-office."

It was evident that Browne had carefully planned even the minutest detail of his great counterfeiting scheme. By this method of concealing the check for the hand-bag, he left the counterfeit notes totally disassociated with himself in any way, and still at the same time, within a moment's reach. A secret service agent was sent down to the postmaster, obtained the letter containing the check, took that to the Union Station, and received the hand-bag which he brought to Chief Wilkie. Its contents verified

the statement made by its owner. The Chief then took up the question of the plates.

“Where are the plates?” he inquired.

“In a storage warehouse in Providence,” was the reply.

He then admitted that no one in his business establishment was aware that he knew anything whatever of the mechanical part of the work, but the man, with a cunning almost beyond belief, had perfected himself in the art of etching. After that he purchased a press in New York City and had it delivered in the middle of the night to a private room in his establishment. There he worked and experimented night after night until he was finally able to produce the perfected one-hundred-dollar bill counterfeits. Then the press was dismantled and, with the plates, placed in a warehouse in Providence. It was stored under an assumed name.

“Where is the receipt?” asked Wilkie.

“It is pasted between two sheets of paper that backs up a photograph on my desk in my office in Providence.”

The Chief immediately called up Providence by telegraph. The local agent was instructed to go to Browne's office and find the receipt for the press. He did so. It was between the two sheets of paper

on the photograph on his desk. Immediate action was taken, and after an incredibly short space of time, the plates were in St. Louis in possession of Chief Wilkie. On the following day Robert Browne was taken into court. He pleaded guilty to manufacturing counterfeit money and passing it on the public. He was given fifteen years on each of the two indictments, the sentence to run concurrently. This was subsequently reduced to eight years. Thus ended one of the most important counterfeiting schemes ever discovered and thwarted by the marvelously efficient machinery of the Secret Service Division of the United States Government.

II.

VIDOCQ AND THE LOCKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

[Eugene François Vidocq, who has been called the Father of Detectives, was born at Arras, July 23, 1775, the son of a baker. He became in turn an acrobat with a traveling circus, a soldier in the French army, a vagabond, a forger and a convict. He was sent to the galleys for eight years but escaped and joined a band of highwaymen. He turned State's evidence on some of his companions and in 1812 was made chief of the secret police of Paris, exemplifying the phrase "Set a thief to catch a thief." It is only fair to say that the suggestion conveyed by the proverb is untrue so far as professional detectives generally are concerned. While a certain degree of intimacy must necessarily exist between criminals and the detectors of crime, it is a matter of simple justice to state that the men at the head of the bureaus of criminal investigation in America and in other countries bear a reputation for personal integrity which is one of their most valuable assets. Vidocq, as chief of the Parisian police, was remarkably successful but finally lost his place in 1825. He opened a private detective agency and also published four volumes of his memoirs. He died in poverty in 1857.]



HENRY, the Prefect of the Paris Police, sat at his desk in his private office, his face a picture of perplexity. He picked up a paper that lay before him and read it carefully for the third time. It was an official report of a desperate robbery that had occurred in the heart of the French

capital the night before. Moreover it was one of many similar reports. There had been an epidemic of robberies, and the police seemed powerless to stop them. M. Henry summoned M. Bertaux, famed as a cross-examiner of criminals, and M. Parisot, the governor of prisons, and the three men talked long and earnestly but without coming to any conclusion. Presently a look of gratification overspread the countenance of M. Henry. He turned to his colleagues,—

“Gentlemen, I have it.”

“What is it?” they called in chorus.

“Be seated,” he responded, “and wait.”

They did as they were bid and the Prefect touched a button. A messenger responded.

“Tell Vidocq to come here at once,” said M. Henry.

In a few minutes the door opened and a strong well-built man with square shoulders shambled into the room. He had gray hair, a thick nose, blue eyes, a smooth face and a perpetual smile. He glanced about him in a furtive way and realized that he was in the presence of the triumvirate of talent that ruled the under-world of Paris. He squared himself as a man would who was preparing to be on the defensive. But the first words of the Prefect reassured him.

"Vidocq, we need your assistance."

The man bowed low.

"M. Henry, I am at your service **absolutely.**"

The Prefect handed him the report.

"Take that and read it carefully. It is one of many. The criminals are having a **carnival**. I want you to capture this gang. My regular police have failed. They bring me only excuses; I wish you to bring me the prisoners."

Vidocq smiled that everlasting smile and bowed again.

"It shall be as you wish, M. Henry."

He left the room with three batteries of sharp eyes leveled at him.

M. Bertaux shrugged his shoulders.

"A quack doctor sent to capture burglars."

M. Parisot spread out his hands in disgust.

"A showman's clown, a petty thief on the detective force."

M. Henry smiled blandly.

"Gentlemen, you are not alone in your disapproval. Do you see these papers?"—pointing to a high pile on the side of his desk—"these are all protests and complaints against the employment of Vidocq. Some are from honest men; some from thieves. But he shall have his chance. His past is behind him; his future is

in his own hands. I shall judge him solely by results."

II.

Vidocq spent all morning in going over the reports that had been placed in his hands. After that he returned to his lodgings, and throwing himself on the bed lay awake all night devising a plan of campaign. When daylight arrived, it was completely blocked out in his mind—not a detail was overlooked.

The first step was to discard his own personality and take up that of another. It would have to be a thief. The honor of being impersonated fell to one Germain, alias "the Captain." He was a fugitive galley-slave. Vidocq had known him in the days—well, in the days before he became a detective. Germain had dark brown hair; that of Vidocq was light; he was thin, Vidocq was stout; his complexion was sallow, that of Vidocq was clear. But the resourceful detective overcame all of these obstacles. Days were employed in perfecting the likeness. First he attained a seven days' growth of beard. Then he dyed his hair and beard black. By the generous use of white walnut liquor he attained a most unhealthy complexion. The original was a snuff fiend. Vidocq garnished his

upper lip with a mixture of coffee grounds and gum arabic. He made blisters on his feet by rubbing in a composition with which he was familiar. He made the marks of the fetters on his ankles and dressing himself in a suitable garb was ready for his enterprise.

After that he became a regular frequenter of the thieves' dens of Paris. He drank cheap gin, tossed off absinthe, cursed the police, showed the marks of the irons on his legs and altogether made himself a general favorite. Night after night he visited a cheap concert hall in the Faubourg St. Germain where he met most of the disreputable characters of the French metropolis. He became very friendly with most of them and made them drink his health in sundry glasses of bad wine. The resort was a veritable clearing-house for the gossip of the under-world. A man or a woman who had not "served time" was out of place in that assemblage. Talk of burglaries past and prospective was as free as remarks concerning the state of weather. Vidocq told of his experiences with great vividness and with a degree of exaggeration that would have won a medal from the Ananias Club.

Among so many little thieves there was one big thief. His name was Constantine, a former

fencing-master who, having run the gamut of dissipation, had now reached the closing stages of crime in his ill-spent life. His companions looked upon him as a man of enterprise—bold in execution and on all occasions possessing the most unblushing effrontery. The attention of the police had been directed to him more than once but they had never been able to secure the least scintilla of evidence against the man.

Vidocq, knowing this, moved cautiously. He knew that a misstep might mean his own life, for he was in the midst of desperate characters who thought nothing of murder. He put on a sad face, bemoaned his own fate, and bewailed the fact that he had no means of recouping his fallen fortunes. He became friendly with one of the intimates of Constantine, and that worthy, being plied with liquor, gave the detective full particulars of the habits of the big thief. They passed the night together and before morning Vidocq knew all about the haunts of Constantine.

On the following day he again met his voluble informant in the dance hall on the Faubourg St. Germain. He was quite excited.

“Would you like to mee Constantine?” he asked Vidocq.

“Most assuredly!” replied the detective.

They remained in conversation for some time. Presently the door opened and a smart-looking fellow came in. Vidocq's companion plucked at his sleeve.

"Now is your time if you wish to speak to Constantine—he is here."

The detective looked up and saw a neatly dressed man of thirty with good broad shoulders. He was about five feet six inches high, extremely good looking, fine black hair and regular teeth. Vidocq waited only long enough for the newcomer to be seated when he went up to him carelessly and said—

"Would you kindly oblige me with a little tobacco from your box?"

The famous thief looked the detective over from head to foot before replying. After an embarrassing interval, Constantine passed his tobacco box to Vidocq. Then he said abruptly:

"You have been in the army?"

The detective could have fallen to the floor. Had all of his carefully-contrived disguise counted for nothing? Did Constantine know who he was? In any event it would serve his interest to answer the question truthfully. So with pretended nonchalance he said:

"Why, yes, how did you know it?"

“Simply because no man can conceal it. Once in the army you carry the badge of it with you through life, in your walk, in your shoulders, in your talk, in your manners.”

Vidocq laughed uproariously as if he considered this a good joke, and in the confusion invited his new-found friend to take a drink. He accepted, and in the course of their conversation the detective was delighted to find that the other had not penetrated his disguise.

“I like you,” finally cried Constantine, “and I want you to take dinner with some friends of mine.”

That night Vidocq dined with a party of charming cracksmen, every one of them noted in his profession. Constantine was the chief, Joubert his able lieutenant, and the others faithful followers. The wine flowed freely and the best of feeling prevailed. One of the company said facetiously that he had just come into a fortune and was celebrating the event. As a matter of fact, he had “cracked a crib” the night before and was spending part of his ill-gotten wealth; Constantine, turning to Vidocq, said:

“How’s your nerve?”

“Fine.”

“Are you in for an adventure?”

“Surely, with whom?”

“With the locksmith’s daughter.”

Vidocq made a grimace as if mocking and said, “I don’t believe I ever had the honor of the lady’s acquaintance.”

All hands laughed loudly at this sally. Constantine put his hands down into his pocket and produced a big brass key. He handed it gravely to the detective,

“Permit me to present you to the minx.”

Vidocq, keeping up the spirit of the thing, bowed gravely, acknowledging the introduction and inquired when he would have the pleasure of going out with the lady.

“It might be to-night,” he said grumblingly, “if it were not for that infernal Vidocq.”

The detective pricked up his ears at the mention of his own name. He preserved the gravity of his countenance, however, as he remarked carelessly:

“Oh, I don’t mind him if I can keep clear of the informers. They tell me Paris swarms with the parasites.”

“That’s true,” said Constantine, “but if you can keep Vidocq from guessing at your business, you are safe enough with me. As for these informers, I don’t fear them. I can smell those beggars as easily as a crow scents powder.”

“Well,” said Vidocq, “I cannot boast of so much penetration, yet I think, too, that from the frequent description I have heard of this Vidocq, his features are so well engraved in my recollection that I should pretty soon recognize him, if I came unexpectedly in his way.”

“God bless you!” cried Constantine, “it is easy to perceive you are a stranger to the vagabond; just imagine now, that he is never to be seen twice in the same dress; that he is in the morning perhaps just such another looking person as you; well, the next hour so altered that his own brother could not recognize him, and by the evening, I defy any man to remember ever having seen him before. Only yesterday, I met him disguised in a manner that would have deceived any eye but mine, but he must be a deep hand if he gets over me; I know these sneaks at the first glance, and if my friends were as knowing as myself, his business would have been done long ago.”

“Nonsense,” cried Vidocq, “everybody says the same thing of him, and yet you see there is no getting rid of him.”

Constantine was on his feet at once, with an oath. He cried out:

“To prove that I can act as well as talk, if you will lend me a helping hand, this very evening we

will waylay him at his door, and I'll warrant we'll settle the job, so as to keep him from giving any of us further uneasiness."

Vidocq immediately agreed, and was placed in the unique position of going out with a party of thieves to waylay himself. They actually went to the home of the detective, but, as may be imagined, he did not appear, and after three hours of waiting they gave up the vigil in disgust.

Many days had passed and still Vidocq was without the specific evidence which would enable him to put his hand on the shoulder of Constantine and say, "Thou art the man!" Of one thing he was morally certain; it was that the erstwhile fencing-master was at the head of a band of resourceful and unscrupulous thieves. One night, after a jollification at the dance hall, the crisis came.

"Friend," said Constantine with a leer, "do you feel like an adventure to-night?"

"With whom?" asked Vidocq?

"With my lady-love—the locksmith's daughter."

"I'll join you with all my heart!" exclaimed the detective in undisguised sincerity.

The plot was revealed with great attention to details. The cracksmen had been "spotting"

the mansion of a wealthy banker on one of the boulevards of Paris. Through the treachery of a housemaid who had been smitten with the charms of Constantine the gang had been provided with the key which would admit them into the garden of the house. Vidocq listened very attentively and occasionally answered in monosyllables. He was careful not to say anything which would expose him to the reproach of having caused them to commit crime.

"Midnight is the hour," said Constantine, "and I want every man to do his duty."

There were six in the party—including Vidocq. Each of the cracksmen was assigned to his part in the enterprise. Constantine was in command and Joubert was chief of staff. Vidocq was to be lifted into a ground floor window, but the detective demurred to this particular assignment on the plea that he was as yet only a novice.

"He has a weak stomach," sneered Joubert, "he will never make a good cracksmen."

Constantine hotly repelled the insinuation. He put his hand on Vidocq's shoulder affectionately and said:

"When this boy has had a little more experience, he will beat you all in the business."

Vidocq smiled in a sickly way at this unex-

pected, if dubious, compliment. It seemed a shame to deceive such a big-hearted scoundrel. But then, business is business, and it was too late to turn back now. It was finally arranged that Vidocq should remain on the outside of the garden wall and give the alarm if the police should come in sight. It was now within an hour of the time when they should sally forth on their unlawful mission.

“Come boys,” cried Constantine, “a drink all around and then we’ll get down to business.”

On the plea of searching for his hat and coat Vidocq contrived to separate himself from the others for a few minutes. He wrote a hurried message on the back of an old envelope and finding a gendarme in the vicinity of the restaurant dispatched him with the note to the nearest Prefecture. It was to the point. It told of the place of rendezvous and added—

Have half a dozen men on the spot. Frighten the crackmen but make no arrest until they have been driven to a place of refuge.

When Vidocq returned to the table, his unsuspecting confederates were preparing to leave. Their final toast was “Success,” drunk standing and in silence. Under the exhilarating influence of their liquor they had scarcely noticed the

momentary absence of the detective. Once on the outside they hurried along rapidly, choosing the narrow and less frequented thoroughfares. In about twenty minutes they reached their destination. Constantine halted and, putting his hand in his hip pocket, pulled out a glistening revolver, which he examined carefully. Vidocq was not a cowardly man, but the resolute manner in which the chief thief scrutinized his weapon sent a cold shiver down his spinal column. Constantine then gathered his men about him and distributed a half dozen black masks which they adjusted with the ease that comes from long practice. After that the chief advanced to the gate with his brass key—the famous locksmith's daughter. To his surprise it would not work. He fumbled with it for nearly a minute and then gave it up as a bad job.

“Blast the girl!” he muttered. “She's permitted them to bolt the door from the inside.”

“Perhaps she's peached,” whispered Vidocq insinuatingly.

“She wouldn't dare,” cried Constantine, showing his teeth. “She knows me, and she knows that I would kill an informer.”

Once again that cold shiver ran up and down Vidocq's spinal column. But it was merely a fleeting emotion. He had nerve in plenty and to spare.

"Boys," called the chief, "we've got to jump the wall and get down to business. We can't fool around all night. Here you"—to the detective—"give us a hand."

Vidocq planted himself against the wall of the garden and, holding out his two hands, boosted the cracksmen over the wall one at a time. Constantine was the last one up. He held his hand down to Vidocq and assisted him to the top of the stone coping.

"Now Germain," said Constantine to the detective, "you get in the shadow near the end of the wall and keep a sharp lookout. If you see the police, give a low whistle. Be on the alert, because everything depends on you."

Vidocq nodded his head.

"Yes," he repeated significantly, "everything depends on me."

Two of the men had dark lanterns. Slowly, cautiously, they felt their way toward the house. Constantine carried a complete burglar's kit. He got to work immediately.

Vidocq on the wall watched the operation intently. What a unique position! He felt like an umpire for society at that moment. The thieves on one side of the wall, the officers of the law on the other. And himself in



“It is I—Vidocq,” called the detective in a subdued voice.

the middle. Truly everything depended on him.

“Tick, tick, tick,” came the low, sharp sound of the metallic instrument.

Finally the shutter was forced. After that a pane of glass was cut and then nothing stood between the burglars and their booty. Five minutes, ten minutes, they worked there industriously. Everything was done with business-like precision. Four stout bags stood with yawning mouths ready to receive the swag.

Vidocq looked on the outside of the wall. The streets were deserted. Not a soul was in sight. Had his note miscarried? Would the police fail him? It looked that way. What a predicament for a sleuth! To be the confederate of thieves! If one of his many enemies should catch him in such a position he might have a hard time explaining to M. Henry. Presently a measured tread was heard on the hard sidewalk. His heart bounded. It was a squad of police. He leaned over and whispered,

“Hist!”

A captain of police approached.

“It is I—Vidocq,” called the detective in a subdued voice. “I will give the alarm but I wish you to let them go their way. Two of

them are armed. Presently come to my old lodgings."

The captain saluted and with his men sought shelter. At the same moment Vidocq gave a low prolonged whistle. Instantly there was a commotion within. Bags were grabbed up and all scampered toward the wall.

"It's the police," whispered Vidocq, "come quickly and you may escape."

They unbolted the gate and hurried out. Vidocq joined them.

"Where are the police?" whispered Constantine.

"They've gone the other way," said Vidocq. "If we're careful we can elude them."

They hurried along for a few blocks. The detective turned to the chief cracksman—

"It's dangerous to go through the streets with these bags. Here's my old lodgings. Let's creep in here for shelter?"

"Can you get in?" asked Constantine.

"Sure," replied Vidocq. "I have my key and I know the room's vacant."

Silently they crept inside one at a time and closed the door behind them. Constantine slapped Vidocq on the back.

"You're a brick, Germain. I told you he'd distinguish himself, boys."

"What do you call this place?" asked Joubert, looking around him.

"I call it the mouse-trap," said Vidocq with a leer.

The cracksmen laughed loudly at this sally.

The swag was poured out on the table and the enterprising gentlemen were soon engaged in dividing their rich haul. Constantine and Joubert, the only ones who possessed weapons, laid their pistols on a chair. Silly Vidocq picked them up and secreted them under a mattress. In the midst of the exultation a loud knocking was heard at the door. The thieves looked at one another with pale faces. Vidocq crawled under the bed, unobserved. No sooner was he out of sight than the door was burst open and a swarm of inspectors and policemen entered the room. In the twinkling of an eye five pairs of handcuffs were shoved on the wrists of the cracksmen, and they were being marched to the nearest police station.

III.

It was New Year's Day at the Prefecture of Police. M. Henry, following a long-established custom, was holding his annual reception. The room was crowded and all of the officers of the police, high and low, were there to present their

chief with the compliments of the season. M. Bertaux, the cross-examiner of criminals, and M. Parisot, the governor of prisons, were in the line receiving with M. Henry. During a lull in the crowd the three men drifted into a conversation concerning crime.

"By the by," M. Henry, "said M. Bertaux, what has become of the fellow Vidocq?"

"I really do not know," said the Prefect gravely.

"What!" exclaimed the other, "not know!"

"No," was the response. "I have not seen him since the day I called him in, in your presence, and delegated him to break up the burglaries that have disgraced the police system of the city."

"And the burglaries," continued the other tauntingly, "they have continued?"

M. Henry nodded.

"And Vidocq—he has disappeared?"

The Prefect nodded again.

M. Bertaux burst into an ironical laugh.

"M. Henry, you have been deceived; taken in; hoodwinked."

The Prefect shook his head.

"I am not ready to confess defeat."

At that moment a great commotion was heard on the outside. An attendant was summoned.

“What is the confusion?”

“All of the valuables stolen from the banker's house in the Champs Elysees have been recovered.”

“Good,” retorted M. Henry, “but is that all?”

“No, Vidocq is outside demanding admittance; he has no card.”

“Admit him!” snapped the Prefect.

A moment later five men, handcuffed, entered the room. Bringing up the rear was Vidocq. The first prisoner was Constantine, the others Joubert and his companions. Vidocq made a profound bow, and, smiling his perpetual smile, pointed to the cursing culprits:

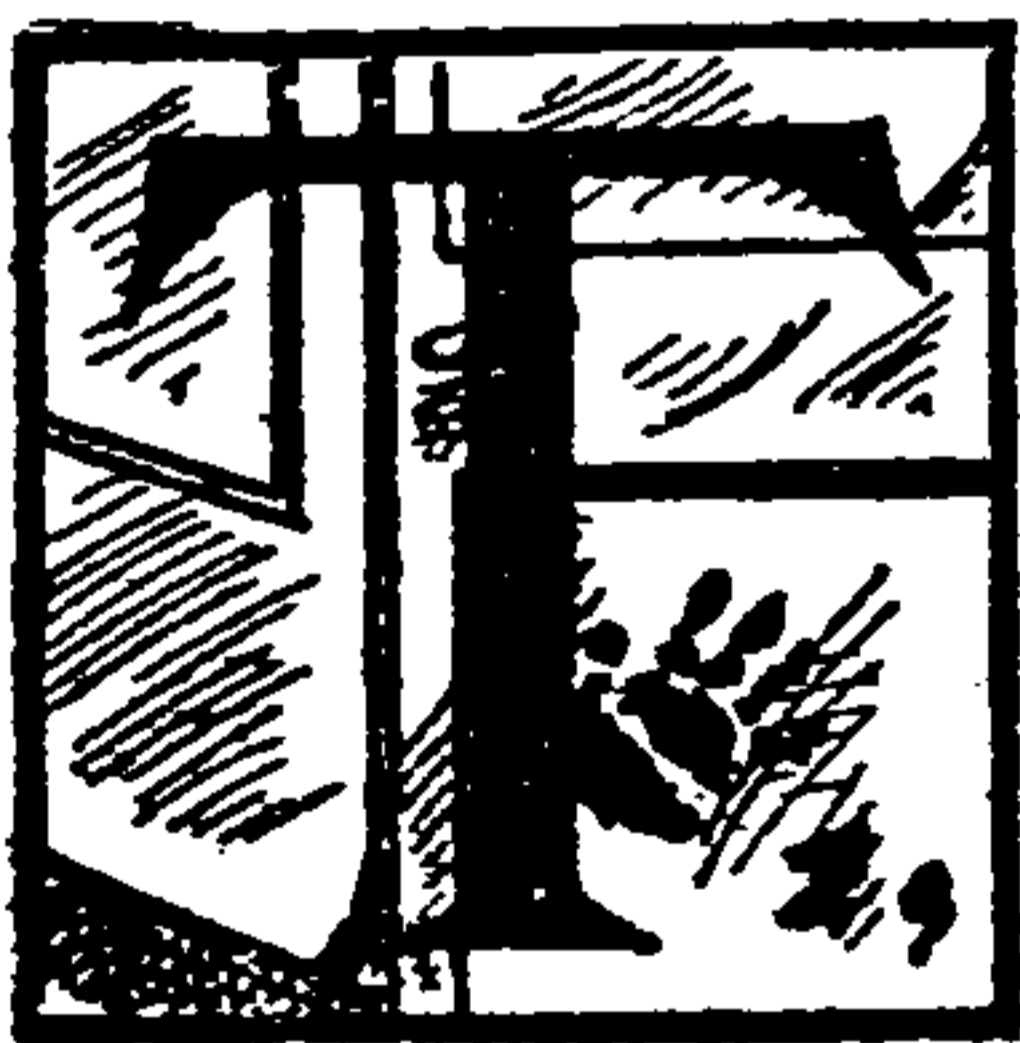
“M. Henry, I wish you the compliments of the season and, as a New Year's gift, present to you the redoubtable Constantine and his fellow cracksmen.”

III.

COLONEL FRASER AND THE RAILWAY MYSTERY.

[Colonel James Fraser will be recalled as one of the best chiefs of police who ever had charge of the "bobbies" in the world's greatest metropolis. Colonel Fraser served with distinction in the British Army before accepting the important municipal post, and enjoyed a splendid record, both as a soldier and a civilian. Sir Richard Mayne, the then Chief Commissioner of Police, said that Fraser was the best executive of his time. His jurisdiction extended over the so-called "City," comprised within an area of a little more than one square mile, the richest and the most densely populated section of the civilized world.

The credit for the solution of the mysterious murder of the railway carriage must, of course, be divided among the rank and file of the London police, but it also reflects in a specially brilliant manner upon the administration of Colonel James Fraser.]



THE time was an evening in July, some years ago; the place the station platform of the North London Railway Company at the metropolitan borough of Hackney. A number of passengers were there, awaiting the six o'clock local from London. It arrived presently, with bell ringing clamorously and engine puffing up great clouds of smoke and sparks. The moment the train came to a full

stop, a man on the platform made a rush for the nearest railway carriage. He opened the door and entered, but suddenly drew back with a look of fear on his face and a cry of horror on his lips.

“Get aboard! Get aboard!” cried a guard impatiently. “We can’t wait here all night.”

The man who had one foot on the station platform and the other on the railway carriage stood there as though he had been petrified. The guard, finding that his shouts were useless, hurried up to ascertain the cause of the delay. In a thrice he was by the side of the hesitating passenger.

“What’s the matter?” he asked.

In answer, the man pointed the forefinger of his right hand toward the interior of the carriage, and uttered the one word

“Look!”

The guard looked and what he saw robbed his tongue of its glibness. The setting sun sent a golden streak into the coach and the glaring light revealed there on the blue cushions a pool of red blood. The guard and the hesitating passenger entered together and made a careful examination of the carriage. The man’s first sight had not deceived him. There could be no possible doubt about it. The cushions of the carriage were soaked with human blood. Inside the coach was a

hat, a walking stick, and a small black leather bag.

The railway carriage was run on to its destination and a dispatch instantly flashed to Colonel James Fraser, the head of the London police force. In the meantime the most persistent cross-questioning failed to throw any light whatever upon the mystery of the blood-soaked cushions. The guard remembered in a hazy sort of way that two men had entered the carriage just before the train left Fenchurch Street in London. His impression was that they were together but he had no certain recollection of that. As to their appearance, he was totally at sea. He only knew that he had a crowded train that day, and in the hurry and bustle of his work, had paid but scant attention to individuals.

There was one clue, however, and that was of a character that could not be overlooked even in the density displayed by the railway officials. It was the impression of a blood-stained hand on the door of the railway carriage. The first act of Colonel Fraser was to order the guilty carriage out of service. He directed that special pains be taken to preserve the impression of the blood-stained hand so that it could be referred to whenever the occasion demanded.

That same night word came to police headquarters that the body of a well-dressed man had had been discovered at a spot where the North London Railway passes Victoria Park. The man was unconscious but still alive. He was taken to a near-by hospital and all that medical science could do was done to restore him to consciousness but in vain. He died within twenty-four hours without saying a word. It was evident from the start that he had been murdered. Unfortunately, his head and face had been beaten so cruelly that he was unrecognizable. Just at a time when the solution of his identity seemed farthest away, the hospital authorities came upon a card in his vest pocket. It read "Thomas Briggs; Robarts & Co., Lombard Street, London."

An officer was at once dispatched to the office of Robarts & Company in Lombard Street. The head of that firm said that Mr. Briggs was their chief clerk, and one of their most valued employees, and that they were at a total loss to account for his unexplained absence from his post. He had been with the banking house for nearly half a century, and during all of that time, had promptly reported for work as the clock was striking nine. He had failed to do so that morning and they had assumed that he was ill. Just

as they were preparing to send an inquiry to his home, a message was received, stating that he had not returned to his house in Hackney the night before. A hurried investigation proved that Mr. Briggs had left his home at the usual hour on the previous day. He had carried a gold-headed cane and wore gold-rimmed eye-glasses, and had in his possession a gold watch and chain. After concluding his business at the bank he left at the usual hour in the afternoon, and dined with his married daughter at Peckham. He returned to the city in time to take the regular train at Fenchurch Street for his home at Hackney. That was the last time he was ever seen alive.

It did not take many hours to prove that the unoffending clerk of Robarts & Company and the unknown individual whose body had been found near Victoria Park were one and the same person, and that the old gentleman had been brutally murdered for his money. The eye-glasses and the gold watch and chain were both missing. The blood-soaked cushions, the general disorder of the railway carriage, and the imprint of the bloody hand on the door of the vehicle proved that a terrible struggle had taken place before the foul deed was accomplished. It must have been done very quickly, because the distance from Fenchurch

Street, whence the train started, and Hackney was a matter of only three miles—in fact, the deed must have been committed immediately after the train left the city, for the body had been thrown into the bushes of Victoria Park, and the murderer had evidently jumped from the train before it reached Hackney Station.

The hat found in the coach had a lining which indicated that it had been manufactured by Walker, a fashionable hatter in Crawford Street, in Marleybone. Colonel Fraser had an interview with the hatter and ascertained from him that the hat must have been purchased within two weeks of the day of the murder. He said that it was almost impossible to keep track of his customers, especially as he transacted a considerable transient trade. He had, however, a vague impression that the hat in question was purchased by a short, stout, red-faced man, wearing a blue coat with brass buttons. The man carried a whip, and from his dress, manner, and conversation, was evidently a cabman. Further investigation among the officials of the North London Railway brought to the front a guard from the Fenchurch Street station who remembered having seen two men enter the fatal carriage on that evening in July. The first man he described as an old and rather respect-

able-looking person. The details corresponded to a nicety to the appearance of Mr. Briggs, the murdered bank clerk. The second man, he said, had entered hastily, just as the train was about to leave the station and jumped into the carriage after Mr. Briggs. He was rather a rough-looking individual, poorly dressed and evidently laboring under great mental excitement. He was not an ill-looking man, as men go, having a square German type of face, blue eyes which were half-closed, and very fair hair. He was short in stature and his legs seemed very light for the upper part of his body which was squarely built and powerful looking. This was an unusually intelligent description, and the police scoured London in the hope of dragging in some man to answer the description.

But the days went by and there was no result. The newspapers were filled with the details of the crime and there was great public indignation. The oldest citizens of the metropolis wrote scathing letters to the London "Times" in which they inquired dramatically whether it was possible for a man to go on a railway journey in the heart of the British Empire without incurring the risk of being murdered. The police chafed under this criticism, but still they did not appear to make

any progress. Colonel Fraser sat in his office day by day and tried to solve the problem. He finally resolved that it would be necessary to trace the gold watch and chain that had been stolen from Mr. Briggs before it would be possible to get a clue to the man who had committed the murder. Every pawn-shop in and around the metropolis was visited, but none of them possessed any jewelry that corresponded to that which had been stolen from the bank clerk in the railway carriage. Colonel Fraser was not satisfied with these reports, and determined personally to prosecute his inquiries and researches, in another direction. He selected the jewelers of London and began his work in the locality known as Cheapside.

To his delight he came upon a significant clue within twenty-four hours. Mr. Graves, a jeweler in Cheapside, possessed a gold chain which was identical with the one that had been owned by Mr. Briggs. The jeweler said that he had accepted the chain in exchange for another one which he had given to a foreign-looking person who had called at his establishment. To add to the importance of this discovery, it was learned that the exchange of the jewelry had been made on the day following the murder of Thomas Briggs.

The news of this first link in the chain of evi-

dence was widely published in the London newspapers. On the day following, while Colonel Fraser was seated at his desk in the police headquarters, the door opened and a stranger entered the room. He was a short, stout, red-faced man, wearing a blue coat with brass buttons. The man carried a whip, and from his dress and manner was evidently a cabman. He saluted in an awkward manner.

"Is this Colonel Fraser?"

"It is," was the terse response.

"And may you be the Chief of Police?"

"That's what I'm called sometimes," was the indulgent response.

"Well, my name's Bobby Smith."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Smith."

"I'm a cabman."

"An honorable vocation," responded the Colonel, with a smile.

"I understand you're investigating the murder of Mr. Briggs."

At this Colonel Fraser was all attention. He scanned the man's face carefully, and replied:

"Yes, I am. Can you furnish me with any information on the subject?"

"I don't know," was the response, "but I have a little box here that may interest you."

Whereupon he handed Colonel Fraser a jeweler's little card box bearing the name of Mr. Graves, the Cheapside jeweler. The officer looked it over and said:

"Where did you get this?"

"It belongs to my little girl," was the reply.

"Where did she get it?"

"It was given to her by a man who lodged with us—his name is Franz Muller. He left very suddenly after the papers had become full of the Mystery of the Railway Carriage."

This was news with a vengeance. The cabman was taken in hand and subjected to a rigorous cross-examination. He told all about his German lodger and said, among other things, that the man had left his photograph on the bureau in the second-story back room where he had lodged. The police immediately secured the photograph, and Colonel Fraser hastened to Cheapside and presented it to Graves, the jeweler.

"Did you ever see that man?" he inquired.

"I did," was the reply, "He is the foreigner who came here and exchanged the chain on the day after the Briggs murder."

Colonel Fraser returned to the cabman's home and held another long interview with the red-

faced person who had so providentially furnished him with a clue.

The cabby proved to be a veritable mine of information. He testified, among other things, that he had purchased the hat which was found in the railway carriage, doing so at the request of Muller, his German boarder. It was learned that Muller had transferred his residence to a cheap lodging house in the Whitechapel district. This was carefully guarded, and Colonel Fraser having supplied himself with a warrant, went there one morning to arrest the suspect. Two men were stationed in the front of the house and two in the rear, and Colonel Fraser, himself, went up-stairs to make the arrest. He hammered at the door. There was no response. He burst it open, and found—nothing. The room was empty. The bird had flown. Another hurried investigation, in the course of which half of the police officers of the London force were employed, was made, and, as a result of which, it was learned that Muller had been seen at the office of an international steamship company within forty-eight hours. He had purchased tickets for America, and only that morning had left the London docks in a sailing vessel which was bound for New York, by way of Canada.

Public excitement had now grown intense, and there was general indignation over the failure of the authorities to arrest the culprit. Many weeks had gone by and although the police had discovered and followed several important clues, the guilty man was practically as far away from them as he had been in the beginning. Colonel Fraser realized the importance of prompt and speedy action, and he at once formulated plans by which two of the shrewdest detectives in the metropolis were detailed to go to America to arrest Mr. Franz Muller. Bobby Smith, the cabman, and Mr. Graves, the jeweler of Cheapside, were sent with the officers for the purpose of identifying Muller. This curiously assorted quartette immediately went to Liverpool and took the first steamer across the Atlantic. It proved to be the "City of Manchester," which in its day was one of the fast ocean liners, but which at the present time would be ranked among the slow freighters. However, the sailing vessel in which Muller took passage was even slower, and it was calculated that the "Manchester" would reach New York some days before the "Victoria."

It was an anxious voyage, and the time was counted with feverish impatience, but the expectations of the pursuers were realized and the

“Manchester” reached New York more than forty-eight hours ahead of the “Victoria.” The four men waited on the dock, and as soon as the vessel reached the pier they went aboard. Muller had been quite sick on the way over and he came on deck looking pale and care-worn. Mr. Graves and the cabman recognized him at once and shouted in unison:

“That’s the man!”

The two detectives immediately placed him under arrest and before leaving the vessel made a search of the prisoner’s box. The watch belonging to the murdered man was found in his trunk, wrapped up in a piece of leather. Most audacious of all, Muller, at the time of his capture, was wearing the hat which had belonged to the murdered man. It had been cut down and somewhat altered but there was no difficulty in finding traces which made it correspond to the article of headgear which had been in the family of the victim for many years.

Through the coöperation of the American authorities, extradition papers were speedily prepared and the prisoner went back to England in the custody of his four captors, arriving there in the middle of September of the year of the murder. Although the Bertillon system of identi-

fication by means of thumb-prints had not been perfected at that time, the first step taken by the authorities was to secure the impressions of the prisoner's hands. These were carefully compared with the blood-print on the door of the railway carriage, and the marks of the right hand were found to correspond fairly well with the blood-stained impression of the door of the coach.

The trial occurred at the next session of the General Criminal Court. Sir Robert Collyer, the Solicitor-General, had charge of the prosecution which was based entirely upon circumstantial evidence. It was charged that Muller had committed the murder under a sudden impulse; that, standing at the station, he had noticed Mr. Briggs's watch and chain and jewelry, and was filled with an overwhelming desire to have them; that on the spur of the moment he had determined to follow him into the carriage. The victim resisted but his assailant determined to possess the valuables, no matter what it cost. He had tried to choke Mr. Briggs into insensibility, and not succeeding in that, had seized hold of a life preserver, such as is carried in English railway carriages, and had used it to batter in the head of his venerable victim. There was a deep wound over the ear, the skull was fractured, and there

were several other blows and wounds on the head. Following up this presentation of the crime, the distinguished Solicitor-General had presented, piece by piece, the bits of evidence which, in his mind, convicted Franz Muller of the murder of Thomas Briggs. Sir Robert Collyer said that it was the strongest circumstantial evidence which had ever been brought forward in any murder case in his time. Muller, on his part, set up an alibi, but it was not very well substantiated, and the jury, without the slightest hesitation, returned a verdict of guilty.

After his conviction, Muller insisted that he had been found guilty upon a false statement of facts. His case was taken up by the Society for the Protection of Germans in England, and the most powerful influences were exerted there and abroad to obtain a reprieve for the convict. In the meantime, Muller was urged to make a confession of his crime. He evaded any direct response to this appeal, usually saying, "Why should man confess to man? Man cannot forgive man; only God can do so. Man is therefore accountable only to God." He persisted in maintaining this attitude until the very last. He was not a vicious man in any manner or way, and it was quite evident that his crime was not premeditated, and this fact at

times caused some uneasiness of conscience to his captors. His refusal to admit his guilt was perplexing and disquieting.

Finally the day of execution arrived. His German pastor attended him to the scaffold and urged him to make his peace with God. The black cap was placed over his eyes, and the rope was adjusted about his neck. The executioner prepared to give the signal which would launch him into eternity. At that psychological time Muller leaned over and asked for the privilege of speaking to his pastor. He spoke excitedly in German. Some assert that he said, "I did it." Others insist that he said, "I did not do it."

But through some confusion in the signals the drop slipped, and Franz Muller went to meet his Creator, leaving his last words a matter of doubt.

IV.

GENERAL TREPOFF AND THE RUSSIAN STUDENTS.

[General Trepoff, one time chief of the St. Petersburg police, ranks with the most famous detectives in the Russian Empire. He was in control of the secret service department of the police of St. Petersburg during the lawless period extending from 1875 to 1880. He seems to have been successful in this difficult position because he won the warm commendation of the Czar, and at the same time, the hearty detestation of the people. His immediate predecessor was assassinated and his own life was in danger on more than one occasion. Vera Zassolic, a young Nihilist, shot at him while he was seated in his office in the early part of 1880. Trepoff was seriously injured but recovered and soon after that was honored by the Czar who made him a Councilor of State.]



IN the early part of March, 1887, the Czar of all the Russias determined, as a mark of confidence in the loyalty of his subjects, that he should drive in state, in full view of the populace, from the Cathedral of St. Sophia to the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

The importance of this simple statement may be understood when the reader is reminded that for a period of years the Nihilists of that unhappy country had been making determined efforts to

take the life of the Emperor. Only three months before it was announced that the Czar, while out hunting, met with an accident in which he was seriously injured. It is significant that several persons who were near the scene of the "accident" were immediately arrested. One was hanged and the others transported to Siberia. Again there had been an "accidental" explosion in the Winter Palace while the Czar was attending a state dinner. Nothing ever came of this incident although it was proven later that Nihilists had entered the palace disguised as plumbers.

Now, however, it was believed in high official circles that the country was to enter upon an era of internal peace. The Emperor issued a manifesto of conciliation. Arrears of taxes were remitted; certain criminals were released from prison; exiles to Siberia had their life sentences commuted to twenty years of prison servitude. The Nihilists, on hearing this, were passive but unsatisfied. They had clamored for certain constitutional rights which were denied them. Nevertheless, it was determined by officialdom that the Czar should celebrate the return of "the era of good feeling" by a public appearance in the capitol of the nation. The time agreed upon was Sunday, March the 13th, 1887.

Five days before that date a cadet in one of the military schools—a young man with royal blood in his veins, and a prince of a reigning house of Europe—killed himself. The tragic act was attributed to melancholia due to a hopeless love affair. It would be supposed that a small romance of this sort would be left to the district police.

Not so. At this stage of the narrative there enters upon the scene M. Trepoff, a general in the army, the Chief of the Secret Police of St. Petersburg, and one of the favorites of the Czar. He was a burly man, brusque in manner and not over nice in his methods. Hated by the people, he treated their attitude with supreme indifference. Whatever his disposition, he possessed the unerring instincts of the real detective. His investigation of the little cadet's suicide was characteristically prompt. It developed a startling fact. It can be stated in a single sentence.

The Nihilists of St. Petersburg had determined to assassinate the Czar on Sunday, March 13th, 1887.

One of the functionaries attached to the palace heard rumors of the plot and rushed to General Trepoff.

“It is unsafe for His Majesty to venture out.

Shall we countermand the order for the procession?"

The Chief of the Secret Service answered with an expression of annoyance:

"The program is to be carried out as arranged—down to the smallest detail."

"But—"

Trepoff interrupted the speaker by banging his heavy fist on the desk before him.

"I take all of the responsibility. If it is necessary to make any change I shall inform the Czar in person."

By Saturday, the 12th of March, the General had a regiment of men at work. The mildest-mannered persons in St. Petersburg were considered fit subjects for suspicion. Innumerable arrests were made and some of these were upon such a flimsy basis that even the rigor of Russian policedom could not justify their detention. Hourly reports were handed in to General Trepoff. He devoured these with eager interest, pursing up his shaggy eyebrows—and thinking all the while. Presently one of his officers brought in a printed circular—a sort of proclamation—and this bit of paper was given more attention than any of the regular reports. After that, he sent out other squads of police and they, in return,

brought in other reports. There was great activity at the secret service quarters but, it must be confessed, not much positive evidence of the alleged conspiracy.

It was the eve of Sunday, the 13th of March. One of the personal attendants of the Czar called on General Trepoff.

“Don’t you think it would be wise to postpone the procession to-morrow?”

Trepoff raised those eloquent eyebrows in surprise.

“What,” he cried, “and confess to the world that the Emperor of Russia fears to appear in the streets of his capital?”

“Yes,” protested the other, “but the danger—”

“The danger is for me to consider,” he said, each word carefully measured.

The messenger bit his lips in perplexity. The Chief of the Secret Service looked up suddenly.

“Does the Czar know of the plot?”

“No; not a word; but he is timid.”

“Reassure him. Tell him that Trepoff says there is no danger—that he will guarantee the safety of His Majesty.”

“All right,” replied the attaché, bowing himself from the room.

Late on the night preceding the procession an

inoffensive-looking young woman was arrested and lodged in jail. Early on the morning of the historic day several compositors and editors—apparently innocent of any wrong—were taken into custody. Still those who surrounded the Czar were apprehensive. An hour before the time they appealed to Trepoff. He gave them a curt but comprehensive answer:

“Let the procession proceed.”

The route over which the Czar traveled was lined with police. They stood alone, in pairs, and in squads. They were conspicuous, and yet not unduly so, for hundreds of them in plain clothes mingled freely with the people.

Just before the parade started, Trepoff arrested four students. They were young men waiting to see the royal show. The people protested against the arrest as an outrage, but the grizzled head of the St. Petersburg police grinned—and said nothing. Indeed the calm demeanor of the prisoners seemed to justify the protest of the people. One of the men carried a book under his arm, evidently from the gilt lettering on the outside, a devotional volume; another had a green bag containing legal documents; the third, apparently with a desire to get a good look at the Czar, carried a pair of opera glasses, while the

fourth had nothing unusual about his person, unless a roll of music be so regarded. They were hustled off to the nearest police station and in a minute the curious multitude, accustomed to constant police interference, forgot all about the incident. Simultaneously six persons were being arrested at Paulvonia on the Finnish railroad.

Tens of thousands of the people stood on the sidewalks on that chill, gray, March morning awaiting the gorgeous procession. It came presently, with the Czar in an open barouche, seated with one of the Ministers of State. His Majesty was attired in semi-military dress, and if he felt any apprehension, did not betray it. The official who accompanied him glanced furtively about as if constantly expecting the unexpected. The Czar bowed to the right and the left, and received in return cold, curious stares from the people. If they felt any enthusiasm they did not show it. Was their silence intended as a mark of respect for their Sovereign? An onlooker from another country would not have so regarded it. The procession moved quickly and safely to the Winter Palace. It had been accomplished without a single mishap of any kind. The telegraph carried the news to all quarters of the world—the Czar had appeared in public and received the homage

of his people. The day of assassination was past, and the delusion that he now reigned over a contented people was hugged by the autocratic ruler.

But things were different in the famous "Third Section," as the secret police are called. General Trepoff was there arranging in consecutive form the result of five days of hard work.

Here is the story of what had been going on behind the scenes, the knowledge of which had been so carefully kept from the Czar.

The first clue came in a most casual manner. One night a couple of men in a restaurant on the Nevsky had attracted attention by their earnest whispered conversation. During part of the talk the name of the Czar and the date, the 13th of March, had been overheard. That was enough. Detectives placed on their tracks followed them like blood-hounds.

On the eve of the fateful thirteenth one of the men met a woman in the streets of St. Petersburg and had a hurried conversation with her. Five minutes after they separated the woman was placed under arrest. A search of her person revealed a large quantity of Nihilistic proclamations, all calling for the death of the Czar. She was literally loaded down with the documents which were being distributed to those in the con-

spiracy. She admitted that the young cadet who had committed suicide had been selected to assassinate the Emperor. But when he realized the meaning of his assignment, he killed himself. She stopped at this stage of her confession. Neither persuasion, nor torture, nor threats of death would induce her to give the names of the others concerned in the plot.

But Trepoff had a foundation on which to build his case. Here was a bit of paper. It would have to be traced to its origin. It was evident that an illicit printing press had been set up somewhere in the city. All this time the two men who had talked incautiously in the restaurant were being followed. They were seen to enter a house in the Jewish section. The records of the police showed that the house was occupied by Aaron Zondelevic, who, at one time, had been a printer.

That was sufficient. In less than an hour afterwards the house was raided. An officer with a squad of police broke into the place without notice. What they found there did not seem very damaging. Four persons were at home at the time—two men and two women. Madame Kriloff, the head of the house, was a woman of about forty-five and of unusual intelligence. The other female was her servant. One of the men was

rather aristocratic in appearance. He said he occupied a minor ministerial office and color was given to his statement by the portfolio which he had in his hand. The other man, named Lubkin, was a consumptive, about twenty-three years of age.

“Where is your printing press?” demanded the officer.

Madame shrugged her delicate shoulders and outstretched her hands in a manner which said plainly enough that the police were welcome to any printing presses they might find in that place.

A printing press is a bulky thing. It should not be hard to find. But the officers searched the house from cellar to garret without result. All the while the quartette sat in the large dining-room, prisoners. On the return of the police, the two men and the two women were put through the “sweating” process but they revealed nothing. The aristocratic-looking young man laid his portfolio aside for a moment. One of the policemen picked it up and opened it. Astonishment made him speechless. He silently handed the portfolio to his chief. It was filled with manuscripts and proofs of a prohibited Nihilist paper called “Land and Liberty.” The aristocratic-looking person with the portfolio merely smiled at the consterna-



“Advance a single step and I’ll blow out your brains.”

tion of the officials. He realized the gravity of his offense. He knew the penalty. But he never quailed for an instant.

"Come," shouted the chief, "you're convicted already. You might as well confess. Where is the press?"

The quartette remained silent. They were not offensive. It was the silence of submission—but not of fear. Suddenly the chief gave a shout of surprise and pointed to the cupboard. The other policemen followed the course indicated by his accusing finger. They saw nothing and their blank countenances said as much.

"Don't you see?" almost shrieked the official.

"No," replied his chief lieutenant, "What is it?"

"A daub of ink on the door of that closet."

"A daub of ink?" repeated the other, parrot-like and with no indication of intelligence.

"Yes! Yes!" he retorted, "a daub of printer's ink."

Slowly a consciousness of the meaning of his words penetrated their dull heads. At the same moment they made a simultaneous dash for the cupboard. To their amazement they met with resistance. Madame Kriloff, her servant, the aristocratic man of the portfolio, and the consump-

tive compositor were lined up in front of the cupboard. All were armed, and Madame Kriloff, pointing her pistol at the head of the chief officer, said with great deliberation:

“Advance a single step and I’ll blow out your brains. We’re desperate. Life means little to us now. Save yours.”

Here was a dilemma. The chief knew if he made a move to reach for his pistol this frenzied woman would carry out her threat. Only two other policemen were in the room with him and they were covered by the aristocrat and the consumptive compositor. The remainder of his men were in other parts of the house. He backed out by degrees. It was humiliating, but he felt that it was politic. He must have time to think and plan. His two companions retreated with him. As they reached the outer sill of the floor the consumptive compositor slammed the door violently and one of his associates bolted it. The racket brought the other policemen to the aid of their chief. There, on the landing, they held a council of war. The besieged Nihilists on their part were sparring for time—they had something to conceal or destroy.

The house was already strongly guarded on the outside and the siege held out for less than a

minute. The door was broken in and after a fierce resistance the four Nihilists surrendered. The aristocrat fought like a demon and at the last asked quarter only for the women. While the police were completing their work the consumptive compositor had a violent paroxysm of coughing and asked permission to lie on a cot in an adjoining room.

The cupboard proved to be a veritable magic closet. It contained a complete printing outfit. Needless to say the paraphernalia was extraordinarily simple and adapted peculiarly to the purposes of the conspirators. There was a large cylinder covered with cloth which answered the requirements of a press; a roller of a sort of gummy substance; several fonts of type, display and otherwise; a few jars of printing ink, benzine brushes, and sponges. This was all packed to be taken to police headquarters. Just as the prisoners were being rounded up a sharp pistol shot was heard from the adjoining room. The chief hurried in and found Lubkin, the consumptive compositor, in the death agonies. He had shot himself.

In half an hour's time the remaining prisoners and all of the facts in the case were in the possession of General Trepoff. He rubbed his clumsy hands with satisfaction.

“Move the second in the game of life and death,” he muttered.” We shall postpone our third move until morning.” Not because we like to, but because we must.”

In the morning, as already stated, the arrest of the four students occurred. Their innocent-looking possessions were taken from them at the police headquarters. The book, the green bag, the opera glass, and the roll of music, each contained bombs which were to have been thrown at the Emperor. The prisoners were stripped. On each student was found a small vial suspended with a string from their necks and resting against their breasts. These frail bottles each contained a most active poison. The purpose was evident. Failure or refusal to do their frightful work on the part of either of the students would have brought forth secret agents of the Nihilists, whose duty it was to strike the unsuccessful or delinquent conspirator on the chest, thus smashing the bottle and permitting the poison to enter the wounds caused by the broken glass. Little wonder that the unsuccessful students took their arrest stoically. They were merely exchanging one fate for another.

General Trepoff had made other arrests of those who were directly concerned in the attempted assassination. He counted them over:

“Nine fish in the net; we need more.”

His chief of staff and a squad of his trustiest men had already started off for Paulvonia on the Finnish railway. He wired them to act immediately. They found what he had suspected—a bomb manufactory. It was there that the deadly missiles of the four students had been devised. Six more arrests were made in connection with this private arsenal.

On the day following the 13th of March, General Trepoff had fifteen prisoners in all on his hands. Each one represented a stage in the conspiracy; the compositors and pressman who published the proclamations; the girl who distributed them; the students who were to throw the bombs, and the men who manufactured the deadly missiles.

The fifteen were condemned to death, but on the recommendation of the court, eight escaped hanging and were sentenced to penal servitude for life in the hopeless prisons of Siberia.

The Czar learned all of these details later. On the evening of the 13th of March, as he entered the Winter Palace, he was credited with saying:

“The people were very polite and respectful. The details were nicely planned—and by the way, tell Trepoff I was pleased with the police arrangements.”

V.

INSPECTOR BYRNES AND THE HANIER MURDER.

[Thomas Byrnes, former superintendent of police of New York City, is world-famed. As "Inspector" Byrnes he made a reputation which won for him the compliment of being "the best chief of police" that ever guarded the metropolis. He began his police career in 1863 and quit active service only a few years ago. He established the famous "dead line" in the Wall Street district beyond which no crook was permitted to wander. King Humbert of Italy knighted him as Chevalier and Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy—but he declined the decoration, saying that all the honor he wished was to be a citizen of the United States. He originated the "Third Degree" by which suspected criminals were forced, under duress, to confess and convict themselves.]



NE crisp December morning Louis Hanier, a Frenchman, the owner of a little wine shop on West Twenty-sixth street in New York City, was found dead in the hallway of his home. The bullet of a .38-caliber revolver was discovered in the man's heart.

He had been murdered.

The French wine-merchant had been doing a big holiday trade during the week before his death, and he had a large sum of money in his posses-

sion. An examination of the premises proved that the front door had been jimmied. Hanier had been murdered for his money.

The problem was to find the man who had committed the crime—to pick him out of the millions of people in New York City. The newspapers were filled with the horrible story. The coroner's inquest attracted the usual crowd of morbid-minded people. The minor police officials became very busy—and accomplished nothing. After the hysterics were over the puzzle finally made its way to the one man in New York City who had the genius and the persistence to solve it.

And that man was Inspector Byrnes. Report after report had been made and the murderer of Louis Hanier threatened to slip away beneath an avalanche of red tape. Inspector Byrnes called for all the papers in the case, and, seated at his desk in Mulberry street, he pondered over the case as a skilled player would study a problem in chess. He was in his prime in those days—mentally and physically—and a chance visitor who could have peeped into his sanctum would have discovered a quietly-dressed man with soft hazel eyes beneath a pair of heavy eyebrows running his hands through his hair and gazing fixedly at nothing. Presently he would have noticed the soft stare fade away and

give place to a hard, steely look, and he would have known that "Tom" Byrnes had mentally formulated his plans and that the man of dreams had given way to the man of action.

His conclusion was that the crime had been committed by a professional burglar. The first order was that every pawn-shop in the limits of Manhattan Island should be visited to discover whether a .38-caliber revolver had been pledged at any time within forty-eight hours after the murder. Byrnes argued that while a novice might conceal the weapon, a professional would cold-bloodedly attempt to realize some money out of it.

He was right.

A money-lender was found who had parted with several dollars in return for the murderous weapon. The next step was to bring the pawnbroker to headquarters and have him look over the thousands of portraits in the rogues' gallery for the purpose of discovering the picture of his erstwhile customer. Page after page was turned over and photograph after photograph was exhibited, and it began to look as if the quest were to be fruitless. Just at this point the pawnbroker suddenly exclaimed:

"There's the man!"

The picture he pointed out was that of Michael McGloin, a personage well known to the police.

The third step in the plan was to locate McGloin. That was comparatively easy. He was found in the haunts of crime, and for many weary weeks he was shadowed. Every move he made was reported; every word he uttered was recorded. It required infinite patience, but the espionage resulted in the discovery that on the night of the murder McGloin had been out on a spree in the company of three of his pals, by name Thomas Moran, Frederick Banfield and Robert Morrisey.

The case had now reached a stage where caution was of the utmost importance. A single false move might ruin everything. It would be easy enough to arrest the men on suspicion, but would such a step serve the cause of justice? Inspector Byrnes evidently thought not, for he postponed that act. Professionals, who did not stop at murder, were adepts in the making of alibis, and the detective did not propose to be fooled by such a device.

He sent a woman to live with McGloin, and he supplied her liberally with money. Indeed, there were times when the murderer wore the clothes of the Inspector. With Byrnes the end justified the means. McGloin did not confess to the woman—

he was not the confessing kind. But she lived with him for over a month and during that time secured enough facts which, patched together, convinced Byrnes that McGloin was the person who had murdered Hanier.

By the time the people of busy New York had forgotten all about the tragedy of West Twenty-sixth street or had consigned it to the limbo of undiscovered mysteries, Byrnes, on his part, determined that the hour had arrived to strike a decisive blow. He sent his men out and arrested McGloin, Moran, Banfield and Morrissey. Each one was apprehended on some trivial charge and they were brought to headquarters and placed in separate cells. They protested vehemently, but all to no avail. Incidentally, it might be remarked, they were taken singly, and no one of them knew of the arrest of the other. Also, each one insisted that the action of the Superintendent was an outrage and a violation of the constitution, which guaranteed to every man the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Byrnes smiled grimly and said nothing.

Day after day passed and the four men remained under lock and key. Some of the subordinate officials, not being aware of the plans of the Inspector, wanted to know what was to be done

with the prisoners. It seemed childish, to them, to hold the men indefinitely on such trifling charges. He made no explanations, offered no excuses—simply said “wait.” He cared nothing about Moran, Banfield and Morrissey, but he cared a great deal about McGloin. He wanted to make him uncomfortable—and he succeeded. In the meantime, he was carefully preparing the stage for the last big act in his little drama. He would not be hurried; he would not be cajoled. He bided his time.

It came finally, and the scene was “pulled off” in a way that made the melodrama of the modern stage seem stale and unprofitable in comparison.

One morning the Inspector arrived at his office a little earlier than usual, and for a time there was a great bustle and hustle incident to the rearrangement of the office furniture. When it was concluded Byrnes leaned back in his revolving chair with a sigh of satisfaction. Then, after a sweeping survey of the room, he bent over and tapped a bell on his desk. A messenger responded. The Inspector looked up sharply.

“Send down to the cellroom and bring Mike McGloin to me at once.”

A glass case at headquarters contained the ropes and the black caps which had been used in the

execution of famous murderers. The gruesome relics were all plainly labeled and were horrible enough to affect the nerve of the most hardened criminal. This case was rolled out into the center of the room so that it would be the first object to greet the eye of a visitor. Inspector Byrnes was seated with his back to a large window overlooking a courtyard. Near his desk was a vacant chair which, when occupied, gave the person sitting there a good view of the courtyard. All about the room were mirrors which enabled Byrnes to see all that transpired without moving from his chair.

Presently the door opened and McGloin entered. An officer who was with him quietly withdrew. The prisoner looked about him with a surly air. He turned to the Inspector.

"Whatta you want with me?"

"Oh, I just wanted to have a little chat," said Byrnes affably.

"A chat," he muttered. "What about?"

"About the Hanier murder," said Byrnes in a low voice, sending out the words, sharp and short, like pistol shots.

McGloin looked at him languidly. The shots had missed fire. The seasoned criminal was not to be stampeded.

“Whatta I know about it?” he said with the utmost unconcern.

“Oh,” said the Inspector, matching indifference with indifference, “I thought you might have heard something about it.”

At that moment McGloin caught sight of the case filled with the black caps and the murderous ropes. Byrnes was instantly all attention.

“Quite interesting, these,” he said, and thereupon he began to tell the ghastly history connected with each of the bloody souvenirs. He dwelt upon each story lovingly as a collector would do who had a fad for gathering queer prizes. Through it all McGloin preserved a stolid look. He appeared to take little interest in the recital, which, whatever else it might seem, was engrossingly interesting. Byrnes realized that he had no ordinary man to deal with. McGloin was devoid of sentiment and apparently was ignorant of emotion of any kind. The Inspector moved slowly and cautiously. He had his part down to perfection. He must not overdo it. He must not show signs of impatience. He sat down at his desk and nodded pleasantly and waved his hand in the direction of the vacant chair. McGloin accepted the invitation and sat down facing the courtyard.

"Now, Mr. McGloin," said the Inspector, in his most purring tones, "you're a man about town and you learn most of the things that are going on, won't you tell me what you know about the Hanier murder?"

"I don't know anything about it," was the dogged reply.

The Inspector arched his eyebrows in surprise.

"Don't know anything about it?" he echoed.

"No."

"You're a New Yorker?"

"Yes."

"Have you been out of the city lately?"

The prisoner darted a quick look of suspicion at his questioner. Was this a trick? He answered defiantly:

"No, I haven't been out of the city for over a year. I don't have to go out of the city."

"Of course not," said the Inspector soothingly.

"You read the papers, don't you?" he resumed after a pause.

"Sometimes."

"And yet you say you never heard anything about the Hanier murder."

"Oh," grunted McGloin, "of course I read about it in the papers."

“Oh, that’s better—now tell me what you thought about it.”

“Me? Why I didn’t think anything about it.”

“It was a brutal murder, wasn’t it?”

“How do I know?”

“Of course you don’t know—but you think it was brutal, don’t you?”

“I don’t think anything about it.”

There was a long silence after this—a silence that began to make Mr. McGloin feel very uncomfortable. It was the very thing that Inspector Byrnes wanted. The more uncomfortable Mr. McGloin became the better it would be for Inspector Byrnes’ little drama.

The two men sat facing each other. Byrnes’ soft eyes had assumed their steely aspect, and he looked straight at the criminal as if he would read the very secrets of his soul. McGloin, on his part, was becoming more ill at ease every moment. He fingered his hat, averted his gaze and fidgeted around like a hen on a hot griddle.

Unexpectedly the door opened and a man entered the room. Byrnes remained immovable. He did not speak. McGloin could not restrain his curiosity. He strained his neck and beheld—the pawnbroker with whom he had pledged the revolver. He gave a little gasp, but beyond this

did not betray himself. The newcomer walked over to a table in the room, laid an article there and noiselessly departed. McGloin turned around deliberately to see what the pawnbroker had left.

It was the pistol with which he had killed Hainer. Byrnes remained perfectly silent.

This unnatural quiet was too much for McGloin. He burst out vehemently:

“What’s the meaning of all this? What are you driving at? What do you want?”

“I want you to tell me all you know about the Hanier murder,” was the placid response.

“I’ve already told you I know nothing.”

“And I don’t believe you,” was the response, in quiet conversational tones.

Inspector Byrnes arose from his chair at this point in the interview, and going over to the table picked up the pistol and began to fondle it lovingly. He walked over to McGloin and put the weapon in his hands.

“A fine revolver, eh?”

No response.

“Just the thing to kill a man with, eh?”

McGloin shuddered and pushed the weapon back into the hands of the Inspector.

Once more Byrnes sat down in his chair facing McGloin.

More silence.

Presently the Inspector spoke again:

“We’ve got a man who was a witness of the murder on West Twenty-sixth street.”

At that moment, by a pre-arranged signal, two officers crossed the courtyard guarding McGloin’s pal, Thomas Moran. McGloin could see him distinctly and he became so excited that he could scarcely sit still in his chair.

“That’s not all,” continued the chief, “we have another man who was present on the night of the murder.”

And at that psychological moment two other guards appeared in the courtyard with Frederick Banfield walking between them.

McGloin was out of his chair now gazing down into the yard with bulging eyes. The cold sweat stood out in little beads on his forehead.

“In fact,” resumed the Inspector, “we really have three men who know all about the murder and who are probably prepared to tell all they know.”

The guards appeared again, this time leading Robert Morrisey.

McGloin turned to his inquisitor. The look in those steely eyes seemed to hold every detail of his awful secret. He could stand the strain no



"I did it! I did it! Stop! For God's sake, stop!"

longer. He threw up his hands and fell on the floor in a heap, crying out:

“I did it! I did it! Stop! For God’s sake, stop!”

Thus ended the most dramatic interview ever held in a police headquarters. What followed was merely detail. As soon as McGloin recovered his self-possession he sat down and confessed in detail the story of the murder of Louis Hanier.

It appears that the four rowdies had been “spotting” the shop of the French wine seller for many days. They believed that he would have a large sum of money in the house at the close of the holiday trade, and they deliberately conceived the plan of robbing the old man. They knew enough about their unlawful trade to get into the shop without difficulty. They had been drinking. At any rate, they made so much noise they roused Hanier from his slumbers. He appeared on the landing at the head of the stairway partly dressed. McGloin, who was at the foot of the stairs, instinctively reached for his revolver, and, pulling the trigger, fired at the defenseless shopkeeper. The aim was only too true. The bullet entered the heart of Louis Hanier and he rolled down the stairs a lifeless lump of clay.

This, in substance, was the confession as it was

gleaned from the lips of the murderer and his confederates. His one cry to Inspector Byrnes was:

“Save me! Save me! Do not let them hang me!”

But the grim detective, who had forced the truth from unwilling lips, made no reply to this hysterical appeal, and in due course of time, after a trial, McGloin was convicted and received the full penalty of the law as it was then administered.

He was hanged by the neck until dead.

PINKERTON AND THE GREAT SAFE ROBBERY.

[Robert A. Pinkerton was born in Dundee, Illinois, in 1848, and educated at Notre Dame University in Indiana. He was the son of Allan Pinkerton, the founder of the famous detective agency. "Bob" Pinkerton, as he was familiarly called, had a marvelous memory for names and faces, and his gallery of criminal photographs and biographies was supposed to be the finest in America. He made a big reputation by his method of handling great crowds at the race tracks. He was a man of pleasing personality and did much toward introducing purely business systems into a concern which is regarded as rather romantic. He died August 12, 1907, aboard the North German Lloyd Steamer "Bremen" while bound for Europe.]



ONE morning, before daylight, the United States Express Company was robbed of forty thousand dollars, and, sad to say, there was not a shred of evidence to tell the story of how this small fortune was permitted to slip from the grasp of a corporation that had the reputation of being one of the most careful and conservative in America. The scene of the robbery was at Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, and the local authorities did everything in their power to locate the cash, but all to no avail.

¶ In this emergency the company enlisted the services of Robert A. Pinkerton. It is probable that no detective in the world was better equipped to grapple with a problem of this kind than "Bob Pinkerton." He had the experience of a lifetime in following crime of this particular character, and although his adventures were little known to the public at large, he enjoyed the reputation of more successes than any other man in the agency.

He called in person at Susquehanna to learn the facts in the case. He found every one in the little town wrought up to an intense state of nervous excitement, and for a while had difficulty in obtaining a connected story of the mysterious case, but his own calmness communicated itself to the local officers, and he was soon possessed of all they knew regarding the queer disappearance of the money.

On June 20, 1883, the Marine National Bank of New York sent to the First National Bank of Susquehanna a sealed package containing forty thousand dollars in currency and national bank notes. The money was to be used in payment of the wages of more than one thousand employees of the Erie Railroad Company, in the local shops. The package was carried to the United States Express Company's office in New York by a clerk of the

Marine Bank who received a receipt for it. The money clerk of the express company took charge of the cash and inclosed it in the regular canvas pouch, sealed with the company's stamp, and attached a tag on which was the name of the company's agent at Susquehanna. The pouch was duly delivered to Messenger Van Wagenen who placed it in the safe with other valuables. It was midnight when he reached Susquehanna and he turned the valuable package over to Dwight Chamberlain, a night clerk and watchman, who was jointly employed by the express company and the Erie Railroad Company. Chamberlain promptly placed it in the safe in the ticket office and locked it with a key which he carried in his pocket. He was busily employed in his usual duties about the station, frequently being away from the ticket office, until seven o'clock on the morning of the twenty-first.

While casting up his accounts the messenger from the Susquehanna bank arrived and called for the package. The pouch was taken from the safe, but instead of the forty thousand dollars in cash, a number of small packages of brown manilla paper, cut about the size of bank bills, were found in the receptacle.

Mr. Pinkerton found himself confronted by one

of the biggest jobs of his professional career. He made a careful personal examination of the premises and cross-examined all the witnesses that could be reached. Before he had been on the ground many minutes, he made the discovery that the pouch found in the safe was a dummy made up to resemble the pouches used by the company, but with a different seal and tag. The purpose was plain; the substitution had been made in order to give the thieves ample time to get away with their rich booty. Further investigation convinced Pinkerton that the right pouch had been delivered to the clerk at the Susquehanna ticket office. This being the case, either Chamberlain, the night clerk, or some of the employees, or some other person, unknown, was guilty. Chamberlain was subjected to a rigid cross-examination and at its conclusion, Mr. Pinkerton expressed the belief that he was entirely innocent of any complicity in the theft. A careful watch kept on all of the employees of the company brought no developments.

At this stage of the game the detective broadened the line of his inquiry so as to include every man, woman, and child in the town of Susquehanna. Some instinctive feeling—probably the result of his long years of experience—made him

believe that the crime had originated in the little town in Pennsylvania. After learning as much as possible about the personal history of the inhabitants, he began the process of elimination, dropping out names of all those to whom he was morally convinced no suspicion could be attached. Then he ascertained the names of all persons who had left the town within the preceding twelve months, and, as a result of this, learned that George H. Proctor, the foreman of the boiler shops of the Erie Railroad Company, had gone to Buffalo about a month after the robbery. This was a rich lead and the detective followed it up with great eagerness. He located Proctor in Buffalo without any difficulty and learned that the man was engaged in speculating in oil, and that he had made considerable profit from that occupation. He was shadowed night and day, his habits closely watched, and an accurate examination made into his financial condition. It was learned that since his arrival in Buffalo he had deposited eleven thousand dollars in three of the banks of that city. A return to Susquehanna developed the fact that while Proctor lived in the town he had no money beyond his salary. Furthermore it was learned that on various occasions he had been in communication with people in Canada whose reputa-

tions were not what they should have been. During all this time Proctor, off and on, visited his home and his people in Susquehanna.

Pinkerton now felt that the time had come for some positive move in the case. Accordingly he settled down in Susquehanna and patiently awaited Proctor's next visit to his family. The man came in the course of a few weeks and Pinkerton, who had assumed an alias, casually found an opportunity of having himself presented to Proctor. He invited him out for a stroll and finally suggested that they go to his room at the hotel and smoke a cigar. Once there, the detective turned to Proctor and said sharply.

"It's no use, Proctor, the game is up!"

"What do you mean?" gasped the astonished man.

"I mean that my name is Robert Pinkerton, and that I have all of the facts in the safe robbery."

"You have!" exclaimed the other.

"I have," was the response, "and the sooner we close it out the better."

After this Proctor threw off all reserve and admitted his guilt. He said, further, that he had been the tool of two men named Martin and Collins, who were now in Canada. They had given him eleven thousand dollars as his share of the

booty which he had placed in a glass jar and buried it in the yard of his house, leaving it there until his removal to Buffalo. Pinkerton believed this story and arranged to permit Proctor to go at liberty, determining to hold him as witness for the prosecution and also as a decoy to bring Collins and Martin from Canada where they had gone to be beyond the reach of the American law. Proctor was allowed to remain at his home in Susquehanna, pledging himself to keep Pinkerton's agency constantly informed of his movements. One morning, however, he broke his parole without warning.

Much chagrined at the mistake he had made in the character of Proctor, Pinkerton set about to recapture the three robbers. His first step was to put out a rumor that the trio were being sought by the police for a burglary committed in Canada. On hearing this, Martin, Collins and Proctor purchased tickets to Portland from whence they had taken passage, by telegram, on a steamer scheduled for London. Pinkerton was informed of this through the various agencies at his control, and stationed himself at Island Pond, a point in Vermont where the Grand Trunk Railway crosses the line into the United States. He boarded the train and interviewed the conductor who told



“What do you mean by getting a fellow out of bed so early.”

him that Martin and Collins, evidently suspecting trouble, had jumped from the train during a temporary slow-down on the Canadian side. He said, however, that the third man was still in his berth.

“What does he look like?” asked Pinkerton.

“I should judge that he is about thirty-five years old,” said the conductor, “is something like five feet nine inches in height, sparely built, with sharp features, sandy hair, and red side-whiskers and mustache.”

“That’s-my man,” was the quick response.

“Besides that,” said the conductor, “he talks like a house on fire, and he entertained the other passengers during the journey by his skill as a musician.”

“That is enough,” said Pinkerton, and he started for the berth where Proctor was sleeping. Pushing his hand in, he shook the man roughly.

“What is it?” was the sleepy response.

“Time to get up,” said the detective, “hurry.”

Proctor jumped out of bed and stood in the passage-way of the car, rubbing his eyes with his fist.

“What do you want?” he cried gruffly, “What do you mean by getting a fellow out of bed so early in the morning?”

Pinkerton could scarcely refrain from laughing, but he said in his severest tones:

"I want you on a matter of great importance, Mr. Proctor."

As soon as he heard his voice, Proctor recognized the detective. He smiled grimly and said,

"All right. I guess the jig's up."

And the jig was up.

In the trial that ensued the full details of the crime became known. About a year before the robbery, Proctor secured employment in the boiler shops of the Erie Railroad Company at Susquehanna. In six months his superior skill made him foreman of the shops. In this position he learned that the money used to pay the employees was brought from New York City, and that it was frequently kept in the safe of the express company for forty-eight hours before being paid to the men. He next discovered who carried the keys of the safe and learned that the agent of the express company at Susquehanna and two of the clerks each had a key. His affable manner soon made him a warm friend of the three men. One day, while in the shops, Proctor asked one of these clerks to loan him his keys in order to unlock his tool chest. Innocently the man handed Proctor his bunch of keys. They walked together

towards the tool chest. Proctor easily picked out the safe key as he walked along. He had a small piece of white paper in his hand, and while he conversed with the clerk, he rubbed the key tightly on the soft paper. The impression was perfect. It was all Proctor needed. That night, before going to bed, he had a key exactly like the safe key on the clerk's bunch—such is the expertness of "fitters" in the burglar's world. Before morning he had the plan of all the details of the robbery. He did not deem it safe to attempt the enterprise alone, so he secured the aid of the two Canadians, named Collins and Martin. At the time they were living near the Suspension Bridge.

Proctor now found that the pouch containing the forty thousand dollars would leave New York at six o'clock in the evening on June 20th. The train arrived in Susquehanna at three o'clock in the morning. In sixty minutes the pouch had been put in the safe by the agent and taken out by the conspirators. The bogus bag and seal had already been prepared, and as soon as the genuine pouch was taken out the other was put in its place. The substitution took place while the agent was busily engaged in the way-bill department of the station at four o'clock in the morning. The agent was out of ear-shot at the time Martin opened

the safe with the key that Proctor had made and took the bag containing the money. The substitute was put in its place and the safe locked, and in ten minutes' time Collins and Martin, carrying a valise with the forty thousand dollars, took a train for Corry, Pennsylvania; from thence they went to Schenectady, and then to Suspension Bridge, where Proctor was waiting for them. The object of this circuitous journey was to throw any one off the trail in case they were followed. At Suspension Bridge the three conspirators met and divided their loot. Proctor received thirteen thousand dollars as his share of the booty, and calmly returned to Susquehanna, where, putting on his overalls and working clothes, he resumed his employment in the boiler shops. Everybody in Susquehanna was talking of the robbery, and Proctor talked as loudly and as excitedly as any of the citizens. In the meantime, his thirteen thousand dollars was buried in a fruit jar in the little garden back of his home. With infinite care he buried it with the mouth of the jar down so that the water could not get into the receptacle and spoil the money. Neither his wife nor his children knew of this buried treasure. It was when he took up the money and went to Buffalo, and began specu-

lating in oil that he dug the pit which was to be his ruin.

Robert Pinkerton was much chagrined to think that Proctor had been able to hoodwink him in the early part of the affair. Instead of being an innocent accomplice, he was a professional burglar with a checkered career. Proctor, when he began the serious part of his life, was a first-class mechanic and at an early age became the foreman of the Portland boiler works. The passion for gambling caused him to lose his position, and in a few years he had joined a group of eastern burglars, acting for them as a "fitter" in opening safes. In the Centennial year, after he was convicted of a safe robbery in Lowell, he was sent to the Massachusetts State Prison at Charleston for four years. He became organist of the prison and had unusual privileges. As a result he became acquainted with Charles Bullard, a fellow convict, who was serving a twenty-years' term for breaking into the Boylston Bank, Boston, and together they conceived a plan of escape. Proctor made impressions of the cell door keys and made keys out of old knives. From time to time he gathered enough clothes to be used by himself and Bullard when their plans of escape had fully ripened. The clothes, in the meantime, were deftly hid in

the top of the organ. One eventful night, Proctor, Bullard and seven other long-term convicts escaped. Proctor and Bullard went to Canada by way of New York. In Toronto they robbed the ticket office of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, at Brockville, of three thousand dollars. A few days later they robbed another ticket office near Quebec, of four thousand dollars. After that, Proctor got work in the Toronto Safe Works, and after while was promoted to a traveling salesmanship. When he sold a safe, he arranged the combination and Bullard would follow him a little later and rob the safe. The suspicion of the safe company eventually caused his dismissal.

On another occasion Proctor attempted to break jail but did not meet with his usual success. He pried the bars off the cell door, but when he reached the corridor the sheriff stopped him at the point of the pistol. As a result of this, he was sentenced to eight years solitary confinement, part of this for his original offence and two years for attempting to break jail. A week after this, pieces of paper were found on the floor of his cell bearing the impressions of the key of his cell door, the corridor door, and the door leading to the street. It was after he had served this sentence

that he went to Susquehanna and lived as an honest man until the opportunity came for him to take part in the great safe robbery.

The "King of Burglars," as Proctor was called, was given a long sentence for the Susquehanna Express Robbery, at hard labor in the Eastern Penitentiary, at Philadelphia. His accomplices, so far as known, were never captured.

VII.

CHIEF KELLY AND THE DESERTED HOUSE.

[Francis R. Kelly, regarded as the most celebrated "Bank Detective" in America, won his spurs in quite another field of criminal investigation. It was while in the government secret service that he engaged in the adventure which is related in this article. Prior to his struggle with the "moonshiners" he was in the police department of Philadelphia, and for some time served as chief of detectives in the Quaker City. After leaving the government service he became the "Bank Detective" for the financial district of Philadelphia and there he can be seen every day, rain or shine, guarding the institutions which shelter assets conservatively valued at over \$350,000,000.]



ON the 8th of April, 1874, Francis R. Kelly was granted leave of absence from the Philadelphia police force and directed to report to James J. Brooks, at the time prominent as a detective in the United States secret service. The purpose of his assignment was kept a profound secret. By appointment, he met Detective Brooks at the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Philadelphia, and when he started not even the members of his family knew his destination or the purpose of his journey. When Kelly met Brooks at the gate

leading to the train, he handed him a ticket to New Orleans by way of the great Jackson route.

A word of preface may help to explain how Kelly came to receive this assignment, which was to prove one of the most dangerous and important in his whole professional career. While he was a police officer in the Twenty-second police district of Philadelphia, he was going to his home early one morning in January, 1874, and passing a big distillery on Twentieth street above Berks, he was accosted by a voice which whispered huskily:

“Is that you, Joe?”

It was so dark and foggy that a person could hardly see his face before him; but on the impulse of the moment Kelly replied “Yes,” and then halted to await developments. Presently a two-horse team, filled with illicit liquor which had been distilled in the factory, started out of the place. Kelly jumped into the wagon and pulled a pistol on the driver and directed him to go to a certain point in the city, which happened to be the police station. There he was placed under arrest. The seizure of this distillery and the arrest of the government storekeeper and his conviction which followed, was the means of bringing Frank Kelly before the notice of his superior officers both in Philadelphia and Washington.

The sequel was this mysterious assignment which began at the Broad Street station in Philadelphia. After they had fairly started on their journey Mr. Brooks joined Kelly in the car and introduced him to the other two men, one being Alfred Brooks, his son, and the other John Mitchell, another secret service operative. Mr. Brooks explained the mission to the party in a few words.

A short time before, President Grant, Simon Cameron and Alexander P. Tutton, who was then supervisor of internal revenue for Pennsylvania, had a conference at the White House concerning the operations of the whisky ring, which had become a national scandal and was so powerful that the government was being robbed of millions of dollars. General Grant, who was deeply interested in probing the matter to the bottom, leaned over his desk and with the inevitable stump of a cigar between his set teeth, announced his purpose of transferring all supervisors of internal revenue in every section of the country.

Mr. Tutton at this point expressed a doubt concerning the wisdom of such action. He said it would be the means of punishing many good officers and would not be just.

General Grant took a fresh grip on his cigar and said:

“What am I to do, then?”

Mr. Tutton replied:

“Find out the identity of the crooked distillers and the government officers who are shielding them and punish both.”

It was suggested to the President that Detective James J. Brooks was a safe man to intrust with an important work of this character and that he could get Detective Frank Kelly to assist him.

The President replied immediately:

“I will do as you advise—we will take Brooks and Kelly.”

This explains why Detective Kelly, Detective Brooks, his son, and John Mitchell were bound for New Orleans on the 8th day of April in 1874.

In his pocket Mr. Kelly carried a letter from Secretary of War Belknap to the commandant of the garrison at New Orleans, directing him to furnish the bearer—Frank Kelly—at a moment's notice, such a number of soldiers as he should call for. This communication was significant. It indicated very clearly that they were to act alone and without the aid, assistance or knowledge of any of the government officials connected with the revenue at New Orleans.

They began work almost immediately upon their arrival in the Crescent City. They separated

in order not to create any suspicion; but every night they met Mr. Brooks for report and instructions. All of the big distilleries in the neighborhood of New Orleans were shadowed; their proprietors closely watched, and a never-failing tab kept upon every one of the government officials connected with the revenue. There was fine detective work to be done both day and night. It lasted for many weeks and when the climax came and the results were accomplished in a single night the entire country was startled by the denouement.

The establishment on which the greatest amount of suspicion was directed was a big distillery on the other side of the river. But while the detectives were morally certain that an illicit business was being conducted there, they were without positive evidence upon which they could proceed legally. For the purposes of this article the place shall be known as the "Big Ben." It was guarded day and night by armed men, and any strange person coming within firing distance placed his life in jeopardy.

The problem was to catch the promoters of the concern red-handed—to find them in the very act of distilling and shipping illicit liquor. The first move toward this end was to smuggle several

secret service men into the inside. They secured employment in the establishment and thus kept tab on all of the queer happenings of the place.

That was only the beginning. The next most important step was to arrange a plan of signals by which the United States officers could be guided in making their raid. There was a deserted house on the side of the river where the distillery was located and it was decided to make use of this as a signal station. One of the detectives was supplied with a large lantern and provided with a key to the house. On the first night that the conditions were favorable he was to go into the third story front room of the house and place the lighted lantern in a position in the window where it could be seen on the other side of the river.

Night after night Detective Kelly waited on the New Orleans side of the river for the signal from the deserted house. And night after night he was confronted by great banks of heavy impenetrable fog. Finally one night when patience had almost ceased to be a virtue, a bright white spot appeared from out of the gloom.

It was the lantern in the deserted house.

Kelly pulled out a whistle and summoned his men at once. They responded with alacrity and in a few minutes were in a big flat-boat that had

been kept on hand for the purpose. There had been heavy floods in that section of the south, and the Mississippi River was swollen to an abnormal size. The secret service men, armed to the teeth, entered the boat in a few seconds. The colored men who were to do the rowing showed some hesitation.

"Come on, you rascals," shouted Kelly, "get in that boat and get to work."

Something in the commanding tone of the man's voice made them feel that mutiny would be suicide.

"It looks mighty dangerous, boss," muttered the chief oarsman. "That's why the boys are so slow."

"It is mighty dangerous," retorted Kelly. "That's why I want the boys to be quick."

They started off with a will, the turbulent waters dashing over the sides of the boat and splashing the faces of passengers. Kelly fully realized the peril of crossing the river on such a bad night but his fears, if he had any, were kept quietly locked in his own breast. A second boat followed immediately after the first. In it was a detail of soldiers under the command of a commissioned officer and these were all subject to the orders of Detectives Kelly and Brooks. Kelly

was in the first boat and he encouraged the lusty oarsmen to do their best. They worked like Trojans. At times it looked as if the rickety boat might capsize and throw them all to the bottom of the muddy stream. All were alarmed. To add to the terror of the waters, it became so dark at times that the oarsmen could scarcely follow their course. Kelly pointed to the light in the window of the deserted house.

“Boys,” he said, “keep your eye on that light.”

They did so, pulling away against great odds. Once the boat sprung a leak and there threatened to be a panic among the frightened passengers. Kelly with admirable presence of mind quelled their fears. Bits of sticks were whittled and plugged into the holes. Several of the secret service men with sponges and tin cans prevented the boat from accumulating any great quantity of water. With these expedients they managed to progress fairly well. Suddenly the chief oarsman uttered a cry of dismay.

“What’s the matter?” asked Kelly.

“The light’s out!”

Sure enough the light in the window of the deserted house had been extinguished. All sorts of forebodings filled their minds. Could it be that their carefully laid plans had gone entirely astray?

Scarcely! Could the man in the house have been attacked? That was possible. At any rate they continued their journey to the other side. It would not do to weaken at this stage of the game, no matter what the consequences. The boat rocked dreadfully at this point. They were scared. Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that for many minutes they feared death, but finally they reached the other side of the stream. The messenger from the deserted house awaited them on the bank. To their delight he had not met with any difficulty beyond that which came with the storm and the rain. A sudden gust of wind had blown out the lantern, and as all of his matches were wet, he was unable to repair the misfortune.

Kelly and his companions prepared for the still more serious part of their adventure. A fine mist was now falling; it was dark and disagreeable. The wide banks of the great river were overflowed and they had a four-mile march to the Big Ben distillery through the low marsh country, being compelled at intervals to wade through mud and water up to the armpits.

Kelly took the lead with his assistants following some distance behind. He headed straight for the Big Ben distillery. Detective Brooks, with another detail of men, was after another establish-

ment in a different section. Things had been planned so that the various chiefs should simultaneously swoop down on the several law-breaking concerns. Kelly stumbled ahead, sometimes falling into puddles of water, and at other times being confronted with great hillocks of mud, until the affair began to lose all of the flavor of romance. But he was accustomed to hard, every-day prosaic work, and he plodded along steadily, every minute coming nearer to the goal.

From the information they had received, all of the watchmen at the distillery were either asleep or off guard. They were soon undeceived. Presently the walls of the building loomed up in the distance. A gate leading into the premises was locked. It was forced open. As Detective Kelly stepped inside, a figure emerged out of the darkness.

“Who goes there?” called a voice.

“A friend,” responded the detective who had been given the countersign.

Something in the tone of the reply must have roused the man’s suspicions for he hurried forth with a pistol in his hand. He confronted the detective.

“What do you want here?” he said menacingly.

“That’s my business,” was the jaunty reply.

“You go back to your post.”



“He gave the point of the pistol a kick that sent it flying a dozen yards away.”

“My post’s here,” was the stubborn reply.

“Oh, get away,” cried the detective, giving him a push.

The trick did not work. Instead of disarming his suspicions, the move only confirmed them. The guard leveled his pistol at Kelly.

“Move one step and you’re a dead man,”

The detective had to move and act quickly. It was either surrender or fight. He determined to fight. With a movement almost as quick as thought itself he hauled back his right leg and, raising it up high in the air, gave the point of the pistol a kick that sent it flying a dozen yards away. The blow struck the trigger and in mid-air the weapon exploded with a loud report. In kicking the pistol, Kelly struck the man’s hand and bruised it in a way that brought a shower of profanity from the guard. He made a mad rush for Kelly. The first impulse of the detective was to pull his own pistol, but on second thought he refrained from doing so. The guard in his own crude way believed he was doing his duty. He was defending the property of his employer—although that employer was a law-breaker.

As he rushed on, Kelly caught him by the shoulders and the next moment the two men had clinched and were struggling in the mud. A half

dozen assistants were in the near distance, but the detective disdained to call upon them for help. This was his own battle. He would fight it out in his own way. The guard was a powerful fellow. The chief moonshiner had reckoned well when he selected him to keep intruders from the plant. But Kelly was in his prime at that time. He had dealt with the most dangerous criminals in America, and he was not to be worsted by the unarmed watchman of an illicit distillery. In less than a minute he had the man on his back. His associates came up at this moment, and in less time almost than it takes to tell the story, the guard was bound and gagged.

Events moved quickly after that. When they reached the distillery proper they met an armed resistance, but the phalanx of secret service men, reinforced by a detachment of United States soldiers, induced surrender without the firing of a shot. The distillery which had caused so much trouble was promptly seized and placed in the custody of a platoon of soldiers. When another great distillery plant at Algiers was seized, uniformed soldiers with fixed bayonets were put on duty to guard the property. After that was over the detectives had to recross the river before daylight; and then before the people of the Cres-

cent City were at their breakfast tables, Hammond's distillery and Henderson's rectifying house on the New Orleans side of the river were placed in government custody. It was a tremendous bit of enterprise—a night's work that was never before equaled in the history of the service.

When the facts came out during the course of the following day the people were thunderstruck—none more than the government officials who were located in New Orleans. Neither people nor officials knew that Brooks and Kelly and their men were in New Orleans, and the capture proved to be one of the great sensations of the time.

Indictments were promptly found and convictions followed in every case. The government confiscated over a half million dollars in property and contraband whisky. The trials were not officially concluded until almost two years after the capture, and in the spring of 1876 Kelly returned to New Orleans in the capacity of witness, being granted a leave of absence from the position he then held—that of lieutenant of police in Philadelphia.

There is one phase of this story to which particular attention is directed. It was freely said at that time that President Grant was a man who took care of his friends, and it was insinuated that

his friends were sometimes not the kind of persons who deserved the encouragement of a high-minded official.

Well, General Grant did take care of his friends.

But his friends, as the narrator happens to know in this instance, were the friends of good government; they were the men who, under his inspiration and the supervision of James J. Brooks, were instrumental in breaking up the notorious whisky ring; they were the men who sent offenders to the penitentiary, and they were the men who helped to restore hundreds of thousands of dollars to the treasury of the United States. In other words, General Grant was determined that justice should be done, no matter where the chips might fall.

In 1874, after the return from New Orleans, General Grant sent for Mr. Brooks. He called at the White House and found the President in his office smoking a big black cigar. He looked up quietly as Mr. Brooks entered, and said with characteristic terseness:

“Brooks, you and Kelly did good work at New Orleans.”

Mr. Brooks bowed at this and murmured his thanks at receiving the commendation of the chief magistrate of the nation.

“Brooks,” continued the President, “I am going to appoint you chief of the government secret service.”

And so he did. Within a few days this deserving, intelligent and competent detective was placed at the head of the most important service in the world. Kelly was promoted to the position of lieutenant of police in his home city, and of course the fact that he had figured in the government exploit was chiefly responsible for his promotion. Supervisor Tutton was appointed collector of the port of Philadelphia. Alfred Brooks was named as a special revenue agent. John Mitchell had his salary raised and was placed in a position of importance in the service. After the trial and conviction of the distillers in New Orleans in 1876, President Grant reappointed Mr. Beckwith United States attorney for the district of New Orleans; United States Marshal Packard, who figured in the seizure and arrests, was appointed United States consul at Liverpool. Judge Woods, who was the district jurist before whom the distillers were tried, was appointed to a seat on the Supreme Court bench at Washington.

VIII.

CHIEF BROOKS AND THE MAN WITH THE LAZY EYES.

[James J. Brooks has been called "one of the bravest men that ever lived," and anyone who had the privilege of his acquaintance will indorse this description. As an internal revenue agent he was instrumental in breaking up the infamous "Whisky Ring" which swindled the Government out of millions of dollars. In recognition of his good work, General Grant appointed Brooks, who had already achieved distinction under Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, Chief of the United States Secret Service, a post which he filled with distinction and which he retained during the administration of President Hayes. After leaving the Government service, Brooks organized a private detective agency. He died in Pittsburg four or five years ago. As some of the descendants of the culprits mentioned in this story are still alive and leading respectable lives it has been deemed decent and charitable to present their guilty ancestors under fictitious names.]



NE morning in the spring of 1869, General Grant sat at his desk in the White House puffing away at the ever-present cigar, and gazing blankly into space when his messenger announced Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania.

"Show him in at once," said the President.

After the first greetings had been exchanged, Senator Cameron exclaimed with deep earnestness,

“Well, General, I have the man you’re looking for.”

“Who is he?”

“James J. Brooks.”

“Do you think he’ll fill the bill?”

“I’m sure of it—he fears neither man nor the devil, he is as straight as a string, and will be absolutely loyal to you.”

It was in this manner that James J. Brooks who had already been in the government service for years came to be selected to destroy the “Whisky Ring”—a combination whose operations were bringing scandal upon the administration of General Grant. Brooks immediately proceeded to New Orleans where, with the aid of competent assistants, he detected and destroyed the illicit distilleries and landed their backers in the penitentiary.

After that the intrepid revenue agent transferred the scene of his operations to Philadelphia. Strolling through the thinly populated section of Port Richmond—the northern district of the Quaker City—he noticed a thin cloud of smoke arising from a bonfire that had apparently been lighted by some mischievous boys of the neighborhood. He carelessly scattered the smouldering embers with his foot and proceeded on his way.

A curious act on the part of a sedate man! But he had his reasons. That night a corps of Government detectives appeared on the scene and three notorious "moonshiners" and their assistants were arrested and sent to jail. A fully-equipped still was in operation in a cave in the vacant lot and the boyish fire had been lighted to distract attention from the smoke which necessarily arose from the illicit distillery.

Consternation prevailed among the violaters of the Federal law. The thought of losing their profitable business drove them to desperation. A council of war was held in a saloon on Water street, and it was openly announced that six hundred dollars had been subscribed for the purpose of "putting Brooks out of the way." The low-browed ruffians who were present knew the meaning of that phrase only too well. But they all held human life cheap, and three of the toughs volunteered for the hazardous enterprise. The trio whose names were to become infamous included "Bob" Ahern, who had appeared in the criminal dock as often as he had fingers and toes; Neil Barlow, a hackman without scruples; and Hughey Harrison, a desperado who was known as "the man with the lazy eyes." Fifty dollars were paid down as an evidence of good faith, and a por-

tion of this was immediately spent by the conspirators in celebrating the anticipated success of their unholy mission.

In the meantime Brooks continued making his daily rounds, unconscious of the fact that a price was upon his head. He was no self-advertiser, and he made arrest after arrest in the most matter-of-fact way and without any blare of trumpets. Sometimes prisoners were captured with perfect ease, and again only after a struggle, but always it was counted a part of an ordinary day's work. Brooks at that time spent much of his time at the Old Merchants' Hotel, a quaint structure on North Fourth street, a survival of Revolutionary times. The three conspirators, Ahern, Barlow, and Harrison, shadowed him from morning until night, waiting for a convenient time and place to accomplish their bloody purpose. The utter nonchalance of Brooks disconcerted the footpads—such is the effect which a really brave man has upon craven spirits. One night they had him in a dark corner but the work was abandoned because Ahern complained of a sore heel which he peevishly said might interfere with his flight. On another occasion, just as they were ready to strike the blow, Brooks turned into Appletree alley and was lost to sight in the turnings of that narrow thoroughfare.

On September 6th, 1869, all the conditions were favorable, and it was determined to do "the job." All that morning the three men waited around the corner where Brooks was expected to appear. Neil Barlow was on hand with his yellow-wheeled carriage to carry the assassins to a place of safety. Ahern and Harrison hid within the shadow of a big doorway. Presently Brooks appeared, striding along at his usual fearless gait. One of those sub-conscious flashes of the brain which comes to all but which can be explained by few impressed him with the belief that his life was in danger. He knew that he had been shadowed but he had not altered his daily routine in the least. At noon he stood in the counting-room of Keenan & Son talking to young Keenan.

At that instant Ahern rushed from his place of concealment with a cocked revolver in his hands. He aimed at the head of the unknowing detective. His hand trembled a bit as he pulled the trigger and the ball, instead of going into the brain, penetrated the back of Brooks. He fell to the floor. As he did so Harrison joined his confederate and, pulling out a blackjack, began to beat the wounded man about the head. A mist spread over his eyes but by a powerful effort he opened them and glanced up at his assailant. A mask that Harrison

wore slipped down to the lower part of his face and Brooks beheld his eyes—a pair of lazy eyes—which even the excitement of the moment failed to rob of their habitual indolence. The next instant the men had rushed to the corner and leaped into the carriage. The driver whipped up his horse and the vehicle dashed away. As it passed the prostrate man he lifted his eyelids feebly for a second time and noticed that the carriage wheels were painted a bright yellow. The next moment he fell back unconscious but indelibly imprinted upon his memory was the vision of a pair of lazy eyes and two yellow carriage wheels.

Brooks hovered between life and death for many weeks, but a naturally rugged constitution spared him for his country. When he left his bed his luxuriant black hair was perfectly white—the lasting memento of an awful experience. The authorities offered big rewards and the unknown offenders were bitterly denounced. Brooks said nothing, but at all times and in all places he was haunted by the memory of the lazy eyes and the yellow wagon wheels. He grimly resolved that before he died he would see those eyes staring at him from behind the grated cells of the penitentiary.

For weeks after his recovery Brooks haunted the

business section of the city in search of the carriage with yellow wheels. In that time he discovered many vehicles painted that color but not one that impressed him as being the particular wagon of which he was in quest. His superiors urged him to take a much-needed vacation. He agreed to drop his work—with a mental reservation. And that reservation was his dogged determination *not* to relax in his effort to discover his assailants. He made several trips to the seashore, but after short stays always returned to the city to pick up the scattered threads of his investigation.

One day, to his delight, he discovered a wagon that answered the description so vividly pictured on the retina of his memory. It was an ordinary tumble-down public hack, but the yellow spokes glistened in the sunlight and filled the detective's mind with visions of the man he had sought so long. At the moment he saw the hack, the driver, a burly, red-faced fellow, whipped up his spavined nag and with unprintable words urged it to greater speed. A conveyance was standing by the curb. Brooks jumped in, shouting to the cabby,

“Keep that hack in sight if you want to earn a double fare.”

The instructions were carried out to the letter. The street was crowded with trucks, surface cars

and express wagons, but the hack with the yellow wheels threaded its way through them with unbelievable ease and swiftness. Brooks' cab kept the first team in sight always. Once or twice there was a blockade and the fear of losing his game almost reduced the detective to the verge of nervous prostration. But cabby invariably caught up the trail and followed the hack with the certainty and swiftness of the hound that is pursuing the fox. The race finally led them to the main street of the city and they went in a straight line toward the river front. Within a half block of the wharf the cab became inextricably tied up in a mass of wholesale grocery trucks. The driver leaped off his seat and, opening the door of the vehicle, said:

"I'm afraid we're stuck, sir, but if you make haste you can overtake him."

Before the man had finished speaking Brooks was out in the street:

"Where is he?"

The driver pointed to a hack just on the edge of the wharf.

"There he is, sir."

The detective thrust his fare in the cabman's open palm. He said, more to himself than to the other:

"I believe he's going on the ferry boat."

"That he is, sir, he's bound for Camden."

Brooks made his way out of the crush and gaining the sidewalk ran rapidly toward the ferry house. The gates leading to the boat were open and he could see the hack with the yellow wheels going on the boat. The first bell had sounded its warning. Brooks calculated that he would be in time with a few seconds to spare. He reached the ticket office, tossed in his pennies and received his bit of pasteboard. As he turned around, a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and a hearty voice cried out:

"Well, of all things in the world! Jim Brooks, as I'm a living man! This is a cure for sore eyes!"

He recognized the man at once. It was John Harkins, an old colleague with whom he had spent many a happy day on the Pacific slope. He had not seen him in years. He paused long enough to make some incoherent remarks expressive of the joy he felt in the meeting. He concluded with

"See you later."

The next instant he was bounding toward the boat. The last bell had rung while he was talking. The gang-plank had been pulled in and as Brooks reached the foot of the slip, the iron gate closed with a bang in his face.

He was furious. He stood there in his impotent rage watching the boat as it churned its way toward the Jersey side carrying as the most valuable part of its cargo one cab with yellow wheels. His first impulse was to murder Harkins—the innocent cause of his chagrin—but, on second thought, he compromised by making an engagement to take dinner with him. Brooks crossed the river on the next ferry boat but all in vain. There was no sign of the cab on the other side of the river and he returned to Philadelphia knowing that he would have to begin his search all over again.

He never murmured. Patience and persistence were his two strong traits. One afternoon he was rewarded by a second sight of the yellow-wheeled carriage. This time he did not lose sight of the vehicle. He followed it to its destination and in forty-eight hours had secured a complete history of the team and its driver. The carriage was owned by a liveryman who hired it out to Neil Barlow by the day. On some days, by reason of dissipation, Barlow did not call for the vehicle and on such occasions it remained in the stable. It was a significant fact that the team was out on the day that Brooks was attacked and that it did not return to the stable until late that night. More-

over Neil Barlow had enjoyed the team as usual and had given the owner fifty cents more than the regular fee. The detective was delighted with these discoveries. He was morally satisfied that Barlow was one of the men who had tried to murder him. From that moment Barlow was spotted. At home and abroad, waking and sleeping, he was kept under constant surveillance.

The detective next turned to the task of finding the man with the lazy eyes. It seemed like a ridiculous quest but he thought—now that he had one of the gang—that it was not hopeless. Indeed, he felt somewhat humiliated at having permitted the thugs to escape at all. They had clearly outwitted him, even though it was done with the aid of a pistol and a blackjack. He admitted that he had been beaten. That could not be helped, but to stay beaten—that would be a disgrace. He learned, among other things, that Barlow was a precinct politician. He had served time for stuffing the ballot-box and was one of the parasites who make a living by hanging on to the coat tails of those who are more fortunate in life. Reasoning thus, it was not difficult to assume that his unknown associates were also engaged in the national game.

Consequently, election night found Brooks in the

vicinity of the morning newspaper offices mingling with the patriots who were scanning the election returns. After a while the detective went up to the editorial rooms of one of the newspapers where he was intimately acquainted. From this point of vantage he not only learned the latest news but also gazed out upon the crowd that thronged the street below. It was a wonderful sight. From curb to curb the space in front of the building was densely packed with thousands of excited, cheering men. Their faces were a study, some handsome, some scowling, some smiling, but all filled with absorbed interest at the sight of the returns which were being flashed over the wires from every section of the country. The well-arranged lights made the scene as bright as mid-day. Brooks scanned that array of upturned faces with a professional air—with the studied interest of one who is a student of humanity.

Suddenly his gaze rested upon one particular countenance that was different from all the rest. What differentiated this man from all the others? he asked himself. The answer flashed through his brain instantly. It was in the eyes! Those mirrors of the soul that so often and so eloquently portray a man's character. Amid that sea of eager, restless, ever-moving eyes, this particular

pair of optics remained motionless. They were more than that. They were absolutely languid. Suspicion turned to conviction. Brooks could have shouted for very joy. It was the man with the lazy eyes! Brooks hastily summoned a special policeman who was in the neighborhood.

"O'Leary," he said, "you know most of the crooks in this town, don't you?"

"I do," replied O'Leary unboastfully.

"Well get your gaze on that man down in the crowd there. Don't you see? About two rows from the car track. He's standing next to a letter-carrier. Do you see whom I mean? The man in the brown suit."

"I see now," said the officer after a pause.

"Do you know him?"

"I do," replied the special with confidence.

"Who is he?"

"Why, that's Hughey Harrison."

"What's his line?"

"Oh, everything—he's what we call a handy man."

"Well, I want him."

"What is it for—picking pockets?"

Brooks smiled grimly.

"I can't tell yet; it may be for something more serious than that."

“Well,” said the special, “I’ll try to get him for you.”

The two men started down stairs and made for the street. The crowd was so dense that their progress was slow. Finally they reached the spot for which they were bound but their man had quietly slipped away. They searched for an hour after that but could find no trace of the fellow. Did he know that he had been discovered? Had he guiltily fled or merely left in the natural order of things? There was no answer to these queries. In any event Brooks had his name and his record, and that meant much.

The following day the detective located the lodgings of Hughey Harrison. It was a disreputable section of the city and the landlady with the craft of her kind denied all knowledge of the man. Brooks, well-armed, haunted the neighborhood. He determined to keep watch personally on that particular house. He had an officer detailed to assist him in case of an emergency. Winter was approaching and the days were bitterly cold. One hazy afternoon the door of the lodging opened and a medium-built man dressed in a storm coat, came out of the house. The fellow had the big collar of the garment pulled up about his face, effectively disguising his features. Giving the tip

to his assistant, Brooks followed the man. They had not gone many blocks when the big-coated one realized that he was being followed. He quickened his pace and soon reached a narrow street lined with second-hand clothing stores. The sidewalk was crowded and Brooks experienced some difficulty in keeping his man in view. At times he was almost within an arm's length of his prey; again the pursued would be half a block in advance of the pursuer.

Presently the man disappeared in the most unexpected manner. They were in the middle of the block and there were no courts or alleys in sight. But he was lost to view as completely as if the sidewalk had opened and swallowed him. Near the spot where he had disappeared were three second-hand clothing stores, differing in appearance only by the names on the creaking wooden signs that were suspended from the second-story windows. Each one was a perfect wilderness of old clothes. Dummies arrayed in all the glory of checked and striped suits confronted one at every turn. Coats and trousers hung suspended from hooks and made a dense drapery which almost entirely concealed the doors and windows from sight. A barker stood on each sidewalk imploring the passers-by to come in and purchase

clothing at prices which made the ordinary bankrupt sales seem like the height of extravagance. Brooks paused irresolute for a moment. But his purpose was quickly formed. He looked at the three stores and then dashed into the doorway of the middle one.

The musty-smelling shop was shrouded in semi-darkness and it was some moments before Brooks could get his bearings. He did so by degrees. A long counter ran the length of the room. At the far end, standing in a doorway communicating with a small living room, was a man and a woman. Both were elderly and the man wore a long gray beard. Something in their attitude struck the detective as being significant. Both looked startled and they shrank from Brooks as if he were infected with some contagious disease. He knew his people well enough to know that under normal conditions they would give a prospective customer the heartiest sort of welcome.

He was about to speak when a third person emerged from the gloom behind the counter. It was a young man apparently, although he was somewhat stooped and wore green spectacles. He approached Brooks with an affable smile and, rubbing his two hands together, said, in a subdued voice,

“What can we do for you to-day?”

The detective hardly knew how to begin the conversation. He answered at random,

“I’d like to look at a coat.”

The man behind the counter paused irresolutely. At the same time Brooks’ keen eye detected a big storm coat on the end of the counter. He put his hand on the garment.

“This just suits me; what’s the lowest price?”

The man started unconsciously.

“That’s not for—” he began, then stopped abruptly. He smiled in an apologetic sort of way, and began again,

“I meant to say that it would not fit you.”

The venerable couple stood in the doorway, their unsophisticated faces filled with wonder. The detective turned to the salesman and said sternly

“How do you know it won’t fit me?”

The man smiled again and began to rub his hands harder than ever. He spoke gently:

“I merely judged by your build.”

Brooks felt in his hip pocket. He was satisfied with what he found there. He leaned over the counter until his face almost touched that of the salesman. He spoke slowly and with deliberation:

“Come! It’s time to end this farce!”

“What do you mean?” cried the other, straightening up.

Brooks did not speak. He acted. He reached his arm across the counter, and grabbing the green goggles pulled them from the astonished face of the salesman. A shout of dismay rang through the room.

There before the detective stood the man with the lazy eyes!

Those languid orbs never showed the slightest signs of uneasiness. The man’s face twitched convulsively but his eyes were almost motionless. Brooks dropped the green glasses and covered the fellow with his pistol.

“Come Hughey Harrison!” he cried, “the game’s up!”

“You win,” said the other sullenly, “I surrender.”

He was promptly handcuffed, much to the relief of the aged couple in the doorway. That same afternoon, Neil Barlow, the driver of the yellow-wheeled carriage, was taken into custody. Harrison and Barlow “squealed” on “Bob” Ahern, who was with them in the conspiracy to kill Brooks, and after a hasty trial all three of the criminals were convicted and given ten years apiece in the State’s prison.

IX.

INSPECTOR SWEENEY AND THE STOLEN GEMS.

[John Sweeney, for many years an inspector-detective at Scotland Yard, long ago won a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic. He became connected with the English police when quite young and soon earned a transfer to the Bureau of Criminal Investigation which is better known to the American public as "Scotland Yard." The case of the Hart gems, to which he was assigned, is given herewith more as an example of the methods pursued by English detectives than as a specimen of Inspector Sweeney's individual skill. The name of the nobleman has been disguised and some permissible license taken with the construction of the story, but the main facts, though presented in composite form, are true, and demonstrate that Sherlock Holmes has his prototypes in real life among the professional police of Great Britain.]



SIR WILLIAM and Lady Hart had the reputation of being the most hospitable pair in all of Great Britain—and that is saying a great deal. They had a beautiful country seat just outside of London where they entertained on a splendid scale. House parties were of frequent occurrence, and the guests, on such occasions, included the best people in England. Titles were the rules and coronets were very much in evidence. Sir William was the

ruling spirit and his constant desire was to make everyone happy. During the day outdoor sports had precedence, but in the evening there was music and cards in the handsome drawing-rooms, with the noble host acting as Master of the Revels.

On the occasion to which the present story refers Sir William and Lady Hart gave a particularly elaborate affair. It was a seven-day house party concluding with a brilliant ball. There were some forty guests in all and four of them, at least, were related to the royal family. Probably eight or ten of the gentlemen were accompanied by their personal valets, and nearly all of the ladies were attended by their own maids. Such were the characters and such was the lavish manner in which the exceptional entertainment was planned. The seven-days' program was carried out without a hitch. On the first day there was a polo game in which the guests who had brought their own smart ponies participated. On each succeeding day there was some different form of entertainment.

On the evening of the final day—it must have been a Friday—there was a great ado over the preparations for the ball. No one was more excited than Lady Hart herself. And well might she be, for on that occasion she was to wear for the

first time a magnificent creation from Paris. Besides, she was to deck herself out in the Hart gems. Anyone who has ever had the pleasure of seeing these rare old family heirlooms need not to be told that they are both unique and costly. My lady had been busily engaged in her boudoir with her maid for over an hour. She was all ready for the ball. Everything was in place except the gems—they lay on the dressing table ready to be fastened in Lady Hart's corsage. The clock on the mantel pealed out seven silvery strokes. Lady Hart looked at her maid. She was a compassionate woman. She said:

“My child, you look thoroughly exhausted. I'm through with you for the present. I can attach the jewels to my dress without your aid. Go to your room and rest and report to me again at midnight.”

The girl thanked her mistress and left the room. Lady Hart gave a final survey of herself in the long pier mirror. It was satisfactory. But the feminine desire to get the judgment of some one else took possession of her mind. She picked up the jewels and was about to put them on. The large one was magnificently beautiful. It was a great ruby surmounted with a glittering framework of the purest diamonds. Two others, in the forms

of crescents, were pure pearls. Altogether they represented a modest fortune. Lady Hart hesitated for a moment. She wanted to know what another woman would think of her Parisian gown by itself—minus the prestige which would be given it by the famous gems. Lady Sutherland, her special friend, was nearby in a room on the other side of the corridor. She laid the jewels on the dressing-table and tripped out of the room. She was gone less than five minutes.

Lady Sutherland was in raptures over the new gown. It would surely make a sensation. Lady Hart, delighted, returned to her room. She went in and closed the door. The next moment everyone in the vicinity was startled by a series of piercing screams. Several ladies rushed to the room of the hostess. She explained the cause of her agitation in a few disjointed sentences.

The Hart gems were gone!

It would be difficult to depict the excitement of the next few minutes. Sir William was one of the first to reach his wife's room and with masculine decision he soon restored quiet. Whatever the fate of the gems it must not disturb the harmony of the occasion. Lady Hart recovered her self-possession quickly, and heartily regretted having caused any agitation among her guests.

The ball would have to proceed as though nothing had happened. The music started, the grand opening waltz began and after that Sir William quietly left his guests and got into telephonic communication with the London police authorities.

As the result of that, John Sweeney, detective-inspector of Scotland Yard, appeared on the scene.

Sir William joined him in the library and the two went over all of the facts in the case. The first order of the detective was that no one should leave the house that night—it was then about ten o'clock—without the permission of the host. Sir William was inclined to demur at this suggestion. He seemed to think that it might reflect upon his hospitality. He was finally persuaded that it was necessary and two servants were dispatched to give the gate-keepers the orders.

Detective Sweeney then inquired about Lady Hart's maid. She seemed a natural object of suspicion. But it soon appeared that the young woman had a complete alibi. It was proved that she had gone to her room immediately after being dismissed by her mistress and being very tired had thrown herself on her couch and had slept soundly amid all the excitement over the stolen jewels. Sir William was asked to tell the detective all he knew about the personality of his guests.

He did so, protesting all the while. His biographical sketches, for the most part, were very flattering. There was one impecunious Earl in the party, it is true, who was notoriously pressed for money. It was even hinted that he had once been detected in ungentlemanly practices at cards. But when the detective pressed the clue a little too hard, Sir William shut up like a clam, saying that of all things in the world there was nothing for which he had greater respect than genteel poverty.

Finally the servants were brought in and cross-questioned. They exhibited all sorts of queer mental traits from gross stupidity to imbecilic indignation. The only testimony that had the slightest value was given by a pert maid who said John Martin had been seen in the corridor leading to Lady Hart's room about the time of the robbery.

"Who is John Martin?" quickly queried the detective.

"He is the valet and attendant of Sir Archibald Hunter," replied the host.

"He must be the man."

Sir William smiled sarcastically.

"There's only one flaw in that theory."

"What is it?"

“Sir Archibald and his attendant left yesterday. I forgot to mention that when we were going over the list of the guests.”

Detective Sweeney's face fell. But he was pugnacious.

“How can we prove that?”

Sir William looked up with a surprised glance.

“It doesn't have to be proved. It's a fact. I accompanied Sir Archibald to his carriage and saw him drive off and his man was with him.”

“That's too bad.”

The host smiled.

“I think it's good—for Sir Archibald's man.”

After some further talk, Sir William and the detective took a walk about the premises and made an examination of locks and bolts. They strolled into the grounds and interviewed the two gate-keepers. The gate-keeper at the south entrance said one of the servants had brought him a message that no one was to be permitted to leave the house that night. The servant, whom he did not recognize, then volunteered to stay on guard until he—the south gate-keeper—should go and give similar instructions to the gate-keeper at the north entrance. He was gone but a few minutes but on his return the servant was nowhere to be seen.

Detective Sweeney let out an exclamation of impatience.

“What’s the matter?” asked the host.

“This man had no right to leave his post. Don’t you see that a regiment of thieves could escape while he was away?”

But, my dear sir,” replied Sir William, “don’t you understand that the servant remained here while the man went to warn the other gate-keeper?”

“And was gone when he returned.”

“Oh,” said the baronet easily, “I don’t attach any significance to that. Simply the dereliction of a careless servant. I doubt whether anyone has left the premises to-night.”

“Then one of your guests must be guilty,” retorted the detective quickly.

“Stop—stop at that,” was the angry retort, “if you find it necessary to suspect my guests, your work shall stop at once.”

The detective smiled grimly. He had met with similar experiences before. After a moment’s silence, he said:

“I propose that the credentials of everyone of your servants be carefully investigated—and that the antecedents of every servant belonging to your guests be probed.”

This suggestion met with so much opposition that it was abandoned. The detective remained in the library until nearly midnight. He seemed to have run up against a dead wall. But he had been doing a lot of thinking. As he started to leave, one of the servants tapped on the door.

"What is it?" cried Sir William impatiently.

"A telegram for Lord Mortimer," was the response.

Lord Mortimer was the impecunious Earl. The host was instantly all attention. He took the telegram and excused himself to the detective.

"Pardon me a moment until I give this to Mortimer."

He left the room and was gone some ten or fifteen minutes. He returned with a perplexed look.

"What is it?" asked the detective.

"Mortimer's not in his room and I can't locate him anywhere."

The reply had escaped him almost unconsciously. The next moment he bit his lip in vexation. He was sorry he had spoken.

"Of course," he said almost rudely, "there's no significance in his absence from his room. He's about somewhere."

"Of course," assented Sweeney, tactfully.

The detective remained at the house all night. When he departed for Scotland Yard in the morning he carried with him an ordinary drinking glass—a dirty glass that looked as if it might have contained stale ale the night before. He had picked it up in one of the rooms of the house and the care he bestowed upon it almost bordered on the ludicrous. He seemed particularly anxious not to permit the glass to rub against anything.

An hour later a chance visitor at Scotland Yard might have witnessed a curious experiment being made with an ordinary drinking glass. The experiment was a success. The operative discovered on the glass the imprints of four fingers and a thumb. The marks were perfectly distinct and the finger and thumb prints had been reproduced perfectly on sensitized paper.

That was the beginning. It was next learned that only one train had left the railroad station near Sir William Hart's country place between the hours of six and ten o'clock on the previous night. The theft had been committed between those hours. A visit to the office of the railroad company resulted in finding the conductor who had charge of that particular train. He remembered that one passenger had boarded the train at the station.

“Did he go on to London?” he was asked.

“No,” was the response, “he alighted at the first station this side of London.”

The trail was becoming interesting. It was followed until it led to the station this side of London. The only cabman at that station was awakened from his slumbers to answer the questions of the detective. He was a typical “night hawk.” Yes, he had answered, he had one customer that night. Could he let the representative from Scotland Yard look at his cab? Most assuredly, he felt complimented at such attention. The ramshackle old vehicle was found in the stable. A careful examination was made. The result was remarkable.

There were five distinct spots on the dirty cab door and they were the imprints of four fingers and a thick thumb.

Most startling of all, the prints on the cab door and those on the unwashed glass were identical.

The conclusion was obvious. The man who had drunk the glass of ale at Sir William Hart’s that night was the same man who had traveled on the nine o’clock train that night and had taken the cab at the station just outside of London.

“Cabby,” said the detective, “you know where you took your customer last night?”

“Sure!”

“Take me there at once.”

The cabman harnessed up his vehicle and drove off with the detective as his passenger. In about ten minutes he halted before a mean-looking frame house in the suburbs. Sweeney alighted and rapped at the door vigorously. After a long wait, a smooth-shaven man in his shirt sleeves responded. The detective was keyed up to his responsibility. He did not give the man time to speak but said sharply:

“Good morning, Mr. Martin.”

The man drew back.

“How did you know—” he began, then changing his manner to one of defiance, he cried, “My name’s not Martin.”

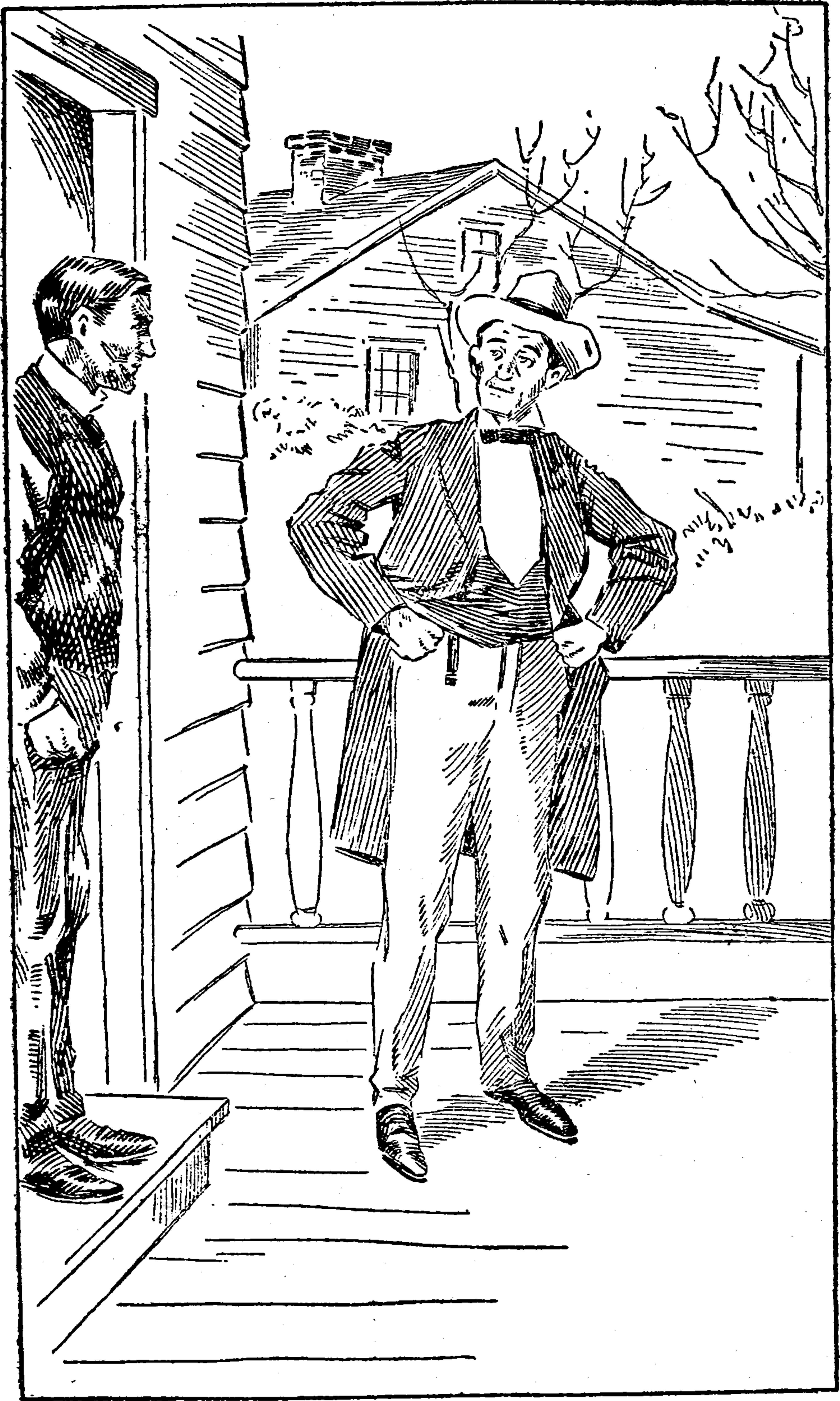
“Oh, yes it is,” was the cheerful response, “you’re John Martin.”

“Well,” was the dogged response, “what do you want?”

“I want Lady Hart’s gems,” snapped the detective.

The fellow’s face became ashen and he started to retreat. But it was too late. In a thrice the detective had slipped a pair of handcuffs upon his slender wrists.

That night John Martin was behind prison



“I want Lady Hart’s gems,” snapped the detective.

bars and Lady Hart's precious gems had been restored to her.

There was no possible doubt about his guilt. The maid-servant who had almost cried her eyes out at the mere thought that she might be suspected, was delighted with the return of the jewels. Lord Mortimer never even knew he was a suspect. The impecunious nobleman was not in his room, it is true, but he was located later in the night calmly sleeping under the billiard table—a condition induced by a heavy meal and an over-abundance of champagne.

John Martin proved to be a professional thief. On numerous occasions he had acted as an extra servant at house parties, forged references, and a month of faithful service enabled him to get a position with Sir Archibald Hunter who was the respected younger son of an aristocratic but not particularly wealthy family. In due course of time, he formed one of the inhabitants of Sir William Hart's house in the name and capacity of John Martin, valet and attendant to his master, Sir Archibald. Martin had impressed his master with his knowledge of amateur fire brigade work, and on more than one occasion gave an exhibition of this accomplishment by drilling the servants in various phases of fire extinguishing operations.

On arrival at Sir Williams' house, Sir Archibald introduced the subject of fire in the general conversation at dinner, and Sir William had to admit that for so large a house as his he feared the fire precautions were far from perfect. It was the most natural thing in the world for Sir Archibald to place Martin's services at Sir William's disposal.

Martin made a great show of instructing the servants, but his sole object was to become intimately acquainted with the geography of the house. Under the guise of carefully examining possible exits in case of fire, of arranging where hydrants should be stationed, inspecting the windows, doors and staircases, and the general structure of the house, Martin was not only able to get an accurate idea of where the various rooms were situated but he became acquainted also with many points of detail important to his contemplated enterprise. He was also able to take impressions of locks and tamper with bolts during the course of his investigation.

He left Sir William's house with his master on the night before the conclusion of the house party so that his alibi in that connection was secure enough, but he made it a point to return on the following night. Being well known to all of the servants he met with no obstacle and actually

found his way to the corridor of the second story leading to Lady Hart's room. He had not thought of robbery at that particular moment but the sight of Lady Hart leaving her room and the jewels lying exposed on the dressing-table proved too strong a temptation for his avaricious nature. He quickly slipped in, put the jewels in his pocket and then calmly mingled with the other servants. Later on he was the man who went out to the gate-keeper and instructed him not to permit anyone to leave the house that night, and after sending the man on a fool's errand, he coolly marched out of the grounds. He took the first train to the London suburb and hoped by the next day to be able to dispose of his loot. His only mistake was in pausing in the servants' hall long enough to drink the ale out of a dirty glass. The impress of his fingers on the glass and on the cab door at the suburban station proved to be his undoing and furnished food for contemplation in the long term of penal servitude to which he was sentenced.

X.

CAPTAIN LINDEN AND THE MOUNTAIN MYSTERY.

[Robert J. Linden won undying fame by the part he took in the discovery and prosecution of the famous Molly Maguires who terrorized the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania from 1870 to 1876. In June, 1875, with only eighteen men under him, he repulsed a murderous mob of seven hundred persons bent on the destruction of the West Shenandoah Colliery. Born in Brooklyn in 1835, Captain Linden learned the trade of a ship carpenter. He served in the navy during the Civil War, and after that became connected with the Pinkerton detective agency in Chicago. For his valuable services in the coal regions he was made superintendent of Pinkerton's agency in Philadelphia and retained that position until he became Superintendent of Police of Philadelphia under Mayor Stuart. After relinquishing this office, he opened a private agency, which he maintained until his death a few years ago.]



ON the night of October 19, 1879, Paymaster McClure and his body-guard, Hugh Flanagan, employees of Charles McFadden, a railroad contractor, were waylaid in the Luzerne mountains, just outside of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, robbed and foully murdered.

The two men left Wilkes-Barre in a one-horse buggy and arranged their journey so that they might reach Miner's Mills in time to pay off the

Italian laborers who were working on the railroad near that place. They had \$12,000.00 in a leather satchel which was fastened to the bottom of the carriage with a couple of straps. The thought of personal danger never entered the minds of either of the men. They knew every foot of the ground and, moreover, were acquainted with nearly every man, woman, and child within a radius of five miles.

Their coming to Miner's Mills was always the occasion of much joy among the Italian laborers and their wives and children. In fact, McClure and Flanagan were looked on as miniature editions of Santa Claus, except that instead of coming once a year, they made their welcome visits twice a month. They were as punctual as the clock itself and the workmen knew, to the minute, when to expect the paymaster and his assistant. As a consequence when they failed to appear at the usual time on October 20th, the people were very much disturbed. A telegram from Wilkes-Barre stated they had left that city twelve hours before.

A general alarm was sent out and a delegation of men started for the mountains. Some of the most prominent citizens of Luzerne County headed the searching party. They knew that the

paymaster and his assistant carried a large sum of money and they were also aware that certain parts of the mountain were as lawless as the most uncivilized section of the United States. Little wonder that they were filled with gloomy forebodings. They had not gone far before their worst fears were realized. The horse belonging to McClure and Flanagan lay dead in the road. The animal had been wounded and evidently suffered great agony before it died for it lay there weltering in its own blood. Some yards farther up the road they came to the broken shafts of a carriage, splintered and blood-stained.

They continued their search, nerving themselves for the shock that was still to come. It came only too soon. The dead body of Paymaster McClure was found dangling from the bar of the buggy where it had been caught and hung suspended for hours. An examination proved that the dead man had been shot in the back in four distinct places. It was as if a volley had been fired from ambush. The horror of the affair was increased five minutes later when Flanagan was found, face prostrate in the road, lifeless. He had evidently been shot and had fallen from the wagon.

The bodies were hurriedly conveyed to Miner's Mills, and then an attempt was made to locate the

murderers. For hours the local authorities searched the vicinity, but with no result. The mountains were covered with a heavy carpeting of dead leaves and it was impossible to detect or follow footprints under such circumstances. The theory of the affair was that the robbery was not committed until after the two men had been murdered and the horse had come to a full stop. After that the assassins had secured the money, fled into the woods and escaped by way of the railroad shanties in the vicinity.

The inquest demonstrated nothing of value. The funeral of the murdered men which took place from Miner's Mills, was largely attended. All of the Italians who worked on the railroad were present. One of these was Michael Rizzolo. He seemed to be very much affected, and pulling out his handkerchief, wept bitterly. He cried out:

“My goodness, who could have done this awful crime? I will have to help to run down the murderers and when we get them we will string them up without mercy.”

Within twenty-four hours Rizzolo was arrested, charged with the murder of McClure and Flanagan.

But unfortunately the arrest was made solely on suspicion. There was not a shred of evidence

on which to hold the man—unless it was the fact that he lived in a shanty on the mountain-side. The expected happened. He was discharged from custody.

In the meantime Charles McFadden, the employer of the murdered men, determined that the assassins should not go free, if a plentiful expenditure of money and the employment of the best detective skill in America could prevent it.

Accordingly he sent for Captain Robert J. Linden. This famous detective has been graphically described by no less an authority than Allan Pinkerton, who says that Linden was a man “whose courage, judgment and discretion could be implicitly relied upon. A man eminently qualified to take the lead in a great and hazardous undertaking. A man of good personal appearance, of captivating address, great energy and perseverance, with more than ordinary powers of conception, tall, powerful and commanding in frame and physique, with just the kind of blue eyes to win the confidence of others; the proper qualities of head and heart, and possessed of the greatest confidence and calmness under the most trying circumstances.”

Linden responded to the summons at once. Mr. McFadden, like Allan Pinkerton, was pleased

with the appearance of the man. He said so in as many words. He began to describe the tragic death of his two employees. Linden interrupted him:

“I know all about it.”

“But how?”

“It’s my business to keep thoroughly versed on crimes and criminals. Such an affair as this would naturally appeal to my professional instincts.”

“Then you are willing to undertake the task of bringing the assassins to justice.”

“Nothing would give me greater pleasure.”

“When can you begin?”

“At once.”

Within twenty-four hours Linden was in Wilkes-Barre. He had been given full power and unlimited money. His first act was to put Mike Rizzolo under surveillance. After that he made an exhaustive investigation of the scene of the murder. At its conclusion he was convinced of the guilt of Rizzolo. But he lacked the proof that would satisfy a jury—in fact, was without a speck of evidence of any kind. A man can not be convicted merely because some other man believes him guilty of a crime. No one knew this better than Robert J. Linden.

His assistant, Captain E. J. Dougherty, said:

“Shall we arrest Rizzolo?”

“No; we must get either a confession or sufficient evidence for a conviction.”

At this critical stage of the game the local authorities who had heard of the movements of Linden and his assistants, re-arrested Rizzolo. Linden was not given to profanity, but some of the things he said on that occasion were unprintable. He foresaw a trial and an acquittal—a fiasco, a miscarriage of justice. He went to Thomas Quigley, of Miner's Mills.

“Mr. Quigley, you want the Mountain Mystery solved?”

“Surely.”

“Will you help me?”

“Of course.”

“Then go bail for Mike Rizzolo.”

“Why?”

“I want to have him released and thus lull his suspicions.”

Quigley went Rizzolo's bail in the sum of \$2,000 and the Italian was released from custody. He was delighted. To his mind he had been tried and virtually acquitted of the crime. He must have had a smattering of law—in fact, possessed that “little learning” which is “a dangerous thing,” because he said, more than once, to his confidants:

“A man can't be tried for murder twice. Once acquitted, he's a free man.”

He failed to realize that his hearing before an alderman was not a trial, and that his discharge was far from an acquittal. But from the moment he was released his every footstep was shadowed; every house that he entered was marked; every word that he uttered was overheard, and every penny that he spent was noted in a little red book kept by one of Linden's rubber-shoed sleuths.

Rizzolo seemed anything but a desperado. He was about twenty-four years old and rather agreeable-looking except for his nose which had a discoloration which won for him from his countrymen the nickname of “Red Nose Mike.” He came to America from Calabritto, in the province of Avellino, near Naples. In his own country he was apprenticed to a barber. But he was restless and dissatisfied with this employment and wanted to come to the United States where, he had heard, money was to be picked up on the streets. On his arrival in America he worked for a while in Newark, New Jersey, but eventually drifted to Wilkes-Barre where he secured employment with the railroad contractors.

Two days after Rizzolo was discharged from custody, he went to Poughkeepsie, New York, where

he started a commissary department for the benefit of his fellow Italians that were employed by Mr. McFadden, who had a railroad contract in that section of New York. Mike still had a passion for making money quick. His prospects looked good.

But all the while Linden had two of his employees at the elbow of Mike Rizzolo. Both of these fellows were Italians. One pretended to be half-witted and managed to be in the company of Mike all the while. He not only worked with him but he ate and slept with him. Rizzolo on his part not only gave the man his confidence by day, but he poured his incoherent dreams into his willing ear by night. Detailed reports were sent to Linden with religious regularity.

A few weeks after the crime, Rizzolo's sister was married and he made her a present of \$600. A month later he presented his brother-in-law with \$1,000 to set him up in the bakery business. Also, at sundry times, he displayed great rolls of greenbacks which were certainly not the profits of his business in Poughkeepsie. Finally, about the 12th of January, Rizzolo made elaborate plans for a trip to Italy. He arranged to sail on the 20th of January. Linden resolved that the Italian should never leave America. He had ample

evidence. He resolved to arrest him at once. So he laid a trap to entice Mike to Philadelphia, thus bringing him within the jurisdiction of the court.

The Italian responded. As he alighted from the train, Linden came forward to meet him. Rizzolo was somewhat taken aback at the sight of the detective but his nerve did not desert him.

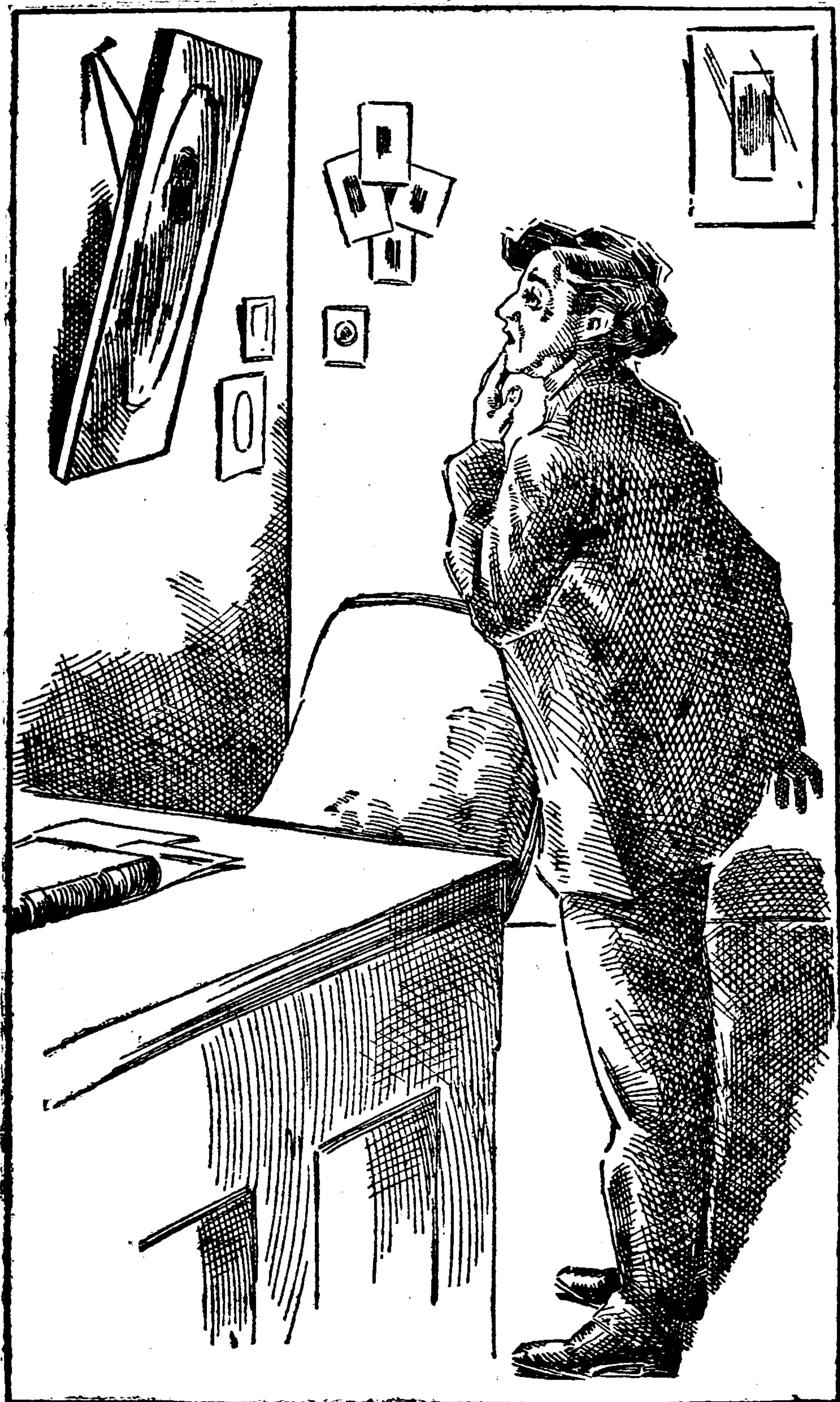
“What do you want?”

“I want you to help me out on a little case I’m interested in,” was the significant response.

They drove down to the Philadelphia office of the Pinkerton agency. Linden immediately escorted his man into his private office.

“Wait here,” he said, “I’ll be back in a minute.”

Mike felt uncomfortable. That was Linden’s purpose. The Italian looked about him nervously. His glare rested upon a large portrait of Allan Pinkerton, the founder of the agency. The eyes of the veteran detective looked down on the murderer accusingly—at least he thought so. He turned and was greeted with the motto of the agency, “We Never Sleep.” He was very uneasy now. Linden reentered the room, carrying a legal-looking document in his hand. It was a warrant for the arrest of the Italian. Linden looked very solemn.



“His glare rested upon a large portrait of Allan Pinkerton.”

"Michael Rizzolo, stand up!"

The suspect arose, curious and fearful.

"What is it?" he cried.

Linden put his broad hand on the man's shoulder.

"I arrest you for the murder of McClure and Flanagan."

Rizzolo sank to the floor, a shapeless heap of crushed humanity.

It was some moments before he recovered his nerve. When he did so, the detective said:

"You are not compelled to tell me anything. You can keep quiet if you wish."

"Oh, no," he cried, "I must confess. I can't keep quiet any longer."

And there, in that little room, in passionate words, he poured forth the story of the atrocious double murder on the Luzerne mountains.

"It was greed for gold," said Mike, "that was at the bottom of it all. The scheme to waylay and murder McClure and Flanagan was first concocted on Sunday, September 2d. Giuseppi Bevenino and Vincenzo Villella and I thought what a good time we would have in Italy if we could get this money. We talked it over for a long time, and finally concluded to carry out the scheme. We scoured the woods thoroughly to

find a good spot to conceal our firearms and the money in case we succeeded. After looking about for more than two weeks we finally located a place that suited our purpose. Then I bought a rifle at a store in Wilkes-Barre and we were ready. On the morning of Friday, October 19th, I saw McClure go away from the works. I followed him to Miner's Mills. Villella and Bevenino did not come to Miner's Mills that morning but remained in the woods. After leaving Miner's Mills, I passed McClure on the road.

"What did McClure say to you?"

"He said, 'Hello, Mike!' "

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'Hello,' and nodded my head."

Then what followed?"

"As soon as McClure and Flanagan passed me in the carriage, I quickened my pace, but they naturally paid no attention to me. We were now close to where the two other men were in ambush, and I began to get a little nervous."

"Who fired the first shot?"

"Bevenino. He did the principal shooting. He was an expert shot. He was on the right side of the road going up."

"Who was shot first?"

"McClure."

"Who fired the next shot?"

"Villella."

"Where are these men now?"

"They are both in Italy. They left three weeks after the murder."

"How far up the road was Villella from Bevenino?"

"About fifty yards."

"When did you shoot?"

"I shot from the rear. I fired four shots altogether at the men in the carriage. After McClure and Flanagan had been shot, the horse started on a dead run. Villella got frightened and ran through the woods to the shanty where he deserted us without warning. At one time it looked as if the horse was going to get away and we thought we had only killed the men for nothing. Bevenino was fleet-footed, however, and he chased the horse at a break-neck speed. He finally caught up and grabbed him by the rein. He then shot him in the head. Then we cut the strap that held the satchel fast to the carriage, and hurried to the woods, to the hiding place. The money was buried as well as the weapons, and I arrived at my shanty a little before twelve o'clock. You know the rest, how I was suspected, and how I was followed to Poughkeepsie.

The trouble came when we quarreled over the division of the spoils. The other two men were so anxious to get back to Italy that we took several trips to the woods and dug up part of the money until now nothing remains there but the silver money and the weapons that were used to commit the murder."

Linden determined to test Rizzolo's story at once. The Italian told him precisely where the money and the rifles were buried. Linden started for Wilkes-Barre at once, accompanied by the self-confessed murderer. They reached Wilkes-Barre at eight o'clock in the evening. It was too late then to get a train to Laurel Hill, where the money was hidden. The night was dark and stormy but the detective resolved to pursue his search in spite of all obstacles. He made up his mind to walk to Laurel Hill rather than risk being followed. He was accompanied by one of his detectives and the prisoner who was not handcuffed. When they reached the first house on the side of the mountain, he borrowed a miner's lamp and then began the journey over the mountains. Seven miles from Wilkes-Barre and two miles from the scene of the murder, at Laurel Run Creek, they found the various articles just where Mike said they had been hidden. He was their guide from the begin-

ning to the end. He knew every inch of the country which was weird beyond the wildest stretches of the imagination. The rifle was found as well as the silver money. They were hidden beneath a heavy rock. The money was in a large bag and wrapped in the paper packages just as it came from the bank. The satchel in which the money was carried by McClure and Flanagan was found in another place, buried about a foot deep between two rocks. All of the things were buried in such a way that they could be readily reached by the removal of a lot of leaves that were strewn over them.

Linden directed that each article should be put back exactly where it had been found except the coin which he put in a satchel and took back to Wilkes-Barre with him. Irony of fate—Mike Rizzolo was the messenger who carried the satchel containing the coin which was to be used as evidence to send him to the gallows. It was very heavy. There was \$291.50 in dimes, five-cent pieces, and pennies. They walked over the railroad track back to Laurel Run which was reached shortly after midnight. Through the kindness of a telegraph operator at Laurel Run, they were furnished with an engine which took them back to Wilkes-Barre.

Rizzolo was tried, convicted and executed. Requisitions were issued for his accomplices but through some flaw in international law they could not be honored. Later, however, through the activity of the Italian government both received long terms in a Roman penitentiary. Those who were best acquainted with Captain Linden's achievements in the great Mountain Mystery declare that it was as keen and artistic a specimen of detective work as has been developed in any country in modern times.

XI.

CAPTAIN DONAGHY AND THE WHITE CASE.

[Captain James I. Donaghy, Chief of the Detective Bureau of Philadelphia, is a fine type of the level-headed investigators of crime of the present day. He has been in the department for thirty years; he never wore a disguise of any kind in his life; he knows every rule of the game, and has occupied every separate position in the service from that of sub-policeman up to the responsible post which he now fills with signal success. He was the conspicuous figure in the famous White murder case although he modestly disclaims the credit, saying that the glory belongs to the entire police force of the Quaker City. The story, outside of its own interest, is important as a fair illustration of the unromantic and business-like methods now generally used in the detection of criminals in the large cities of the United States.]



N the night of May 19th, 1900, Professor Roy Wilson White, a Fellow of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, and a lecturer on Roman Law at the famous seat of learning, was mysteriously and brutally murdered.

Professor White, although a man of less than thirty years of age, had already won an international reputation in his special branch of study. He was quiet and unassuming in manner and

enjoyed the reputation of being the most popular instructor at the University. So far as known he did not have an enemy in the world, and the news of his murder came as a terrible shock, not only to his family and friends, but also to the thousands of students with whom he had come into personal contact during the period of his tutorship.

On the day of the murder all of his movements were accounted for from the time he said good-bye at his home in the morning until the moment he left the class-room for the night. During the afternoon he had a long talk with one of his associates concerning a work in which the two men were mutually interested. He took dinner alone at a small hotel near the University, and after that lectured to the law class under his charge. He was confident and enthusiastic and never appeared to better advantage. About ten o'clock at night he left for his home in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia. He started in the direction of the Powelton Avenue station of the Pennsylvania Railroad with the purpose of boarding the 10.16 train.

Less than an hour later a policeman, walking along Thirty-second street, adjoining the railroad tracks, stumbled against a body on the sidewalk. It

was quite dark in that section—in fact it was afterwards declared to be the darkest spot in all of Philadelphia. The officer flashed his lantern on the inert mass before him and was shocked to find a man, mangled and bleeding. His head was crushed and he was unconscious. The pockets of the white vest were turned inside out, and his gold watch was missing. The little green bag that he always carried was by his side and was spattered with his life blood. It contained, among other things, a text-book on “Pleading”—a book from which Professor White had been lecturing that evening. Some notes on sheets of paper which he had utilized in his “Quiz” class, were also in the bag. A pocket-book contained a life insurance policy, an invitation to a class reunion in another State, and a sum of money in greenbacks. A few yards away, imbedded in the soft earth, was an iron bar, quite thick and about eighteen inches long. It was such a thing as is used on the platforms of freight cars.

The disfigured corpse was removed to the University Hospital, and the best medical and surgical aid summoned. But it was too late; the vital spark had fled and all that the professors and students had left to them was the memory of Roy Wilson White's gracious life.

The shocking nature of the crime seems to have aroused the authorities into instant and universal activity. Superintendent of Police Quirk and Chief of Detectives Miller held a consultation to determine what should be done. While they were talking James A. Donaghy, a member of the detective staff, passed the open door of the outer office. Quirk espied him:

“Hello, Jim,” he cried.

It had been raining “cats and dogs” all the afternoon. Donaghy entered the office water-soaked from head to foot.

“What’s the matter with you?” asked Miller.

“You ought to know,” was the rejoinder. “You sent me down to Media to get a pick-pocket.”

“Did you get him?”

“Sure,” was the rejoinder, “and got soused in the bargain.”

“Well,” said Miller, “we’ve got something bigger than a pickpocket to look after now; listen.”

Donaghy listened. And the more he heard, the more absorbed he became. He forgot all about his wet clothes. He forgot everything but a desire to get on the track of the man or men who had so foully murdered an inoffensive

gentleman. While they talked a newcomer joined the group. It was Robert J. McKenty, another member of the detective staff, afterwards marked out to be a member of the Mayor's cabinet.

Donaghy, as a result of the conference, immediately started for the scene of the murder. It has since been said that the White tragedy was "his case." He protests against this distinction. "It was a case of team work," he says, "thirty detectives and over two thousand policemen were engaged on the White case, and they all made good." At any rate, Donaghy made good, because less than hour had elapsed before he was in conversation with a youth named Ralph Hartman who testified that he had seen two colored men near the scene of the murder shortly after ten o'clock, and had talked to one of them. Best of all, young Hartman, who had intelligence far beyond his years, was able to give a vivid description of the two men. Hartman was employed as a messenger in the Powelton Avenue station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and knew every foot of the ground in that neighborhood. Donaghy felt instinctively that the knowledge possessed by this boy would prove to be the foundation on which they would build their case.

He hastened back to the City Hall. The doors

of the little private office were closed, and for a long while Donaghy, McKenty and Quirk had their heads together. As a result of their deliberations a most singular order was telegraphed to every police station in the City of Philadelphia.

It was to arrest every colored man found in or near any railroad station, ferry house, or freight-yard within the city limits. It was the biggest drag-net ever spread by the department. Donaghy, in the meantime, continued his investigations near the scene of the murder.

Several conclusions were forced upon him. One was that the murder was committed for money, and that the murderers were startled and ran away before they secured all of their booty. The footprints in the soft clay—large, clumsy, heavy-looking footprints—indicated that more than one man had fled across the road leading to the railroad tracks. The dreadful manner in which they had mutilated the body proved that they were brutes. Besides this Donaghy was convinced that they were men totally devoid of education. He deduced this from the fact that they had evidently not even bestowed so much as a passing glance on the books in Professor White's green bag. It is a known fact that a man of education or refinement is irresistibly attracted

by a book. If a volume is lying on a table even in the house of a stranger, he can no more resist picking it up and going through the pages than a moth can avoid the flame. The murderers evidently had not the slightest curiosity toward the little work in the green bag.

The detective's summary, therefore, was that the crime had been committed by two or three men; that they were negroes; that they were brutal and uneducated, and that the motive was money. How near he was correct shall presently be seen.

The murder occurred on Saturday night. Between that time and Sunday morning the thirty detectives and the two thousand policemen—and Donaghy—had been industrious. As the church bells were calling the people to worship the officers began to bring in colored men from all parts of the city. They came from north and south, from east and west. They came singly, they came in pairs, they came in squads, and when the Chief finally counted his prisoners he found that he had one hundred and thirty-five colored men—all suspected of the murder of Professor White. What if they were all minnows and the big fish had slipped through the net?

Ralph Hartman, the youth, was on hand to

assist in the identification. He was in a separate room and did not see the prisoners as they were brought into the City Hall. The authorities were keyed up to a high pitch. Everything depended on the experiment they were about to make. If it failed they would be all at sea, and the ends of justice defeated.

When the last of the prisoners had been brought in, the work of elimination began. Donaghy and McKenty were intrusted with this delicate task. Some of the suspects were obviously out of the question. For instance, mulattoes were set aside. So were several one-eyed persons. So was a lame man. And the work kept on until the list of possibilities was reduced to sixteen.

These sixteen were lined up with their hats on and young Hartman was brought into the room. It was a motley gathering. Probably sixteen uglier-looking men had never before been assembled. They looked brutal and all of them seemed capable of murder. Could the boy tell one from the other? Could he identify the man who had spoken to him the night before? Would he be confused? Would the crowd puzzle him?

“Ralph,” said Donaghy, “point out the man who spoke to you on Thirty-second street last night?”

The boy looked over the row of negroes fearlessly. His glance lighted on one and then on another. Everybody in the room felt the strain. He was silent—silent for what seemed to be many minutes but what, in reality, was only seconds. Presently he went over and touched a burly negro on the shoulder.

“That’s the man.”

The fellow indicated gave a shudder and rolled his eyes. All of the others in the line heaved a sigh of relief. The marked man began to protest.

“ ‘Deed I ain’t done nuthin’.”

“Who said you did anything?” asked the detective sharply.

The man proved to be Henry Ivory. He had been arrested at daylight on the railroad near Germantown Junction. He was subjected to a severe cross-examination, and finally admitted being near the Powelton Avenue station the night before, and even acknowledged speaking to Hartman, but protested vehemently that he had nothing to do with the murder of Professor White.

Ivory was short in stature, with skin as black as anthracite coal and very repulsive features. Criminologists pronounced him to be the lowest type of the uneducated negro. The detectives resorted to every device known to the profession

to force a confession from the man. Finally, after an hour of the "sweating," he blurted out:

"Well, I done told you I was there, but it wasn't me that struck the blow."

He was put in a cell and Donaghy and his associates started out for more evidence. They obtained a description of the watch that had been stolen from Professor White. The number of the case was 89,875, and that of the movement 915,938. These numbers were telegraphed to every pawnbroker and every watchmaker in the city.

The response came much sooner than was anticipated. A negro named "Buddy" Brown was arrested while trying to pledge the watch with a pawnbroker in West Philadelphia. Brown said the watch was not his but belonged to a man who had a room in his mother's house. He had lived there only a few days and had given "Buddy" the watch to pawn for him.

The strange negro was promptly located and arrested. He proved to be William Perry, of Georgia. Perry was not very communicative at first, but finally admitted that he was in the neighborhood of Thirty-second street on the night of the murder. He said that a third man had been in his company. These admissions, while important,

were not conclusive. There were still links to be fitted in the chain.

At this period of the investigation a new character came on the scene in the person of John Leary, an employee of the City Water Works. He had been reading a great deal about the murder and he felt impelled to step forward and give his own experience on the night of the murder. He had quit work at midnight and was crossing the Girard Avenue bridge when he met two colored men. They stopped, and one of them asked him for a match. One of these men answered the description of Ivory. Perry he did not recognize.

While the authorities were browsing over the evidence they had on hand, they received word that a number of suspicious-looking negroes who had been picked up on the railroad near Trenton, were now in the Mercer County Workhouse. Donaghy and McKenty determined to go to the New Jersey capital and look at the men. They took young Hartman and Leary with them for purposes of identification. The colored men were lined up in the workhouse just as they had been in the City Hall at Philadelphia. One of the negroes was a tall, shambling, fellow. He was stoop-shouldered and knock-kneed and otherwise lacking in symmetrical beauty. Both Hartman

and Leary immediately picked him out as one of the men they had met on the night of the tragedy. He had given the Trenton authorities the name of William Fields, but afterwards admitted that his right name was Amos Stirling.

Stirling was taken from the line and brought into a private room. Here he was stripped and it was found that his underclothes were covered with human blood. When his attention was called to this damaging fact, he said unconcernedly:

“Oh, that’s nothing; my nose was bleeding.”

Stirling was not in the State where the crime was committed. Hence legal formalities were necessary before he could be taken to Philadelphia; Donaghy made an attempt to break the record in the matter of requisitions. He took a special train to Harrisburg, went to the Executive Mansion and roused Governor Stone from a sound sleep in order to get his signature on the papers. From Harrisburg he hastened back to Trenton, only to find that some over-willing lawyer had filed an objection to the removal of the prisoner. Although trivial, it took several hours to overcome. But in spite of all the obstacles, Donaghy complied with all the formalities and had his prisoner in the Philadelphia City Hall in just thirty-two hours.

Three prisoners were now in custody. Could they be proved guilty? Two were silent. Stirling loudly protested his innocence. He said that if he were free he could prove an alibi.

"I'm free," rejoined Donaghy, "and if you'll give me the names of your witnesses, I'll work it out for you. If it's any good, I'll be the first to admit it."

The negro finally said that a certain lady of color, named Dolly Gray, who lived in Harrisburg, could prove that he was at the State Capital on the night of the murder. Donaghy patiently traveled up the State in search of Miss Gray. By a certain humorous and yet grotesque coincidence, the hand-organs at that time were grinding out "Dolly Gray" by the ream, and as Donaghy came to the little street where the Dolly Gray of another color lived, two street-pianos, on either end of the thoroughfare, struck up "Good-bye, Dolly Gray, I'm going to leave you," with a vehemence that threatened to turn an unusually affecting tragedy into a roaring farce. Dolly, however, who weighed three hundred pounds, calmly washed her hands of Stirling and declined to assist in proving his alibi.

On the very day of Ivory's arrest, Donaghy had taken him to the scene of the murder. The street

where the body was found was a little-traveled thoroughfare, and the footprints where the men had escaped by leaping the little iron fence were still visible in the soft earth. The right shoe was removed from Ivory's foot and the heel and toe fitted to a r'ety into the footprints in the railroad yard. The marks were there as clearly as though they had been stenciled.

In the meantime evidence was piling up in other directions. Mrs. Mary Boyle, who was employed as a waitress in a restaurant near Thirty-second and Market streets, testified that she had served all three of the men on the day of the crime. This was important as establishing the fact that they were together. But this was not all. A gardener, named Lutz, said that earlier in the evening all three of the negroes had surrounded him at a point, five or six blocks from where the White crime was committed. They did not use violence toward him, simply, as he put it, "acted suspiciously." He managed to elude them, however, and thought no more of the incident until he read of the arrest of the negroes in connection with the murder of Professor White.

Within three weeks after the murder Ivory broke down and confessed everything. He said that Perry, Stirling, and himself had met at the

Buffalo Bill Show that afternoon and after comparing notes, had resolved to get money at any cost. They crossed the Girard Avenue bridge and went along the river drive until they came to Thirty-second street. They had intended assaulting Lutz, the gardener, but when he ran away they were too indolent to follow him. They little dreamed that the man had nearly a thousand dollars in his possession, or he might have been the victim instead of the unfortunate professor. Finally Stirling picked up the iron bar near the Powelton Avenue station. They resolved that he should assault the first prosperous-looking man they met. Several persons were permitted to pass unmolested. At last Professor White was seen coming along the dark street. Stirling turned to the others:

“There’s a guy looks as if he had money.”

They agreed with him, and the three black-hearted scoundrels followed the unsuspecting teacher. At a favorable opportunity Stirling let the iron bar come down with a crash on the skull of Roy Wilson White. The man sank to the sidewalk with a groan. The big brute continued using the iron bar until the face of the victim was unrecognizable. Then they went through his clothes and got a few dollars in money, a ring, and a gold watch. The assassins went to a near-by

lot and divided the things. The watch was Perry's share of the loot.

Perry corroborated the confession in every detail. Stirling denied it until the last, weakening only when he came within the shadow of the scaffold. All three were tried, convicted and hanged.

Their arrest and conviction was a big accomplishment. Most people gave the credit to James I. Donaghy. He smiles, shakes his head and says it was simply good "team work" on the part of the police.

XII.

SUPERINTENDENT FROEST AND THE VERSATILE ROGUE.

[Frank Froest, Superintendent of Scotland Yard, is a man whose entire adult life has been spent in the business of criminal investigation. He has risen from the ranks to the highest position that can be attained by an English detective. An episode in the story that follows was the prelude to a lasting friendship between Frank Froest and John E. Wilkie, now the Chief of our Government Secret Service. At that time Froest was a sergeant-detective in Scotland Yard, and Wilkie the London correspondent of a Chicago daily. The name of the chief character in this tale, has, for obvious reasons, been disguised. For the sake of a connected and complete narrative, an incident has been introduced which will probably be entirely new to Superintendent Froest. I am sure he will look lightly upon this one permissible deviation in an otherwise veracious story from actual life.]



THIS is a fragment from the biography of a Versatile Rogue—a man whose adventurous career leaps at a bound from Chicago to Cape Town, and whose criminal history is a part of the police archives of New York, Chicago, London, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. Beginning as a prototype of the Artful Dodger, he has gone from pocket-picking to bunco-steering, and then run the entire

gamut of crime, stopping only—providentially, perhaps—at murder.

Frank Macy, the doubtful hero of this queer life, was born at Freeport, Illinois. There are lots of old residents in that place who still recall him as a precocious baby, a smart boy, and a clever youth. Freeport soon proved to be too small to satisfy his bulging genius, but even before he left his birth-place, he made little excursions from the paths of virtue which, in the boy, are so often prophetic of the man's career. When he reached man's estate he was tall and as straight as an Indian. He had coal-black hair and a sallow complexion which lighted up brightly whenever he was in a humor to be affable with his fellow-man.

It was in Chicago that Frank Macy first distinguished himself in crime. A little more than a dozen years ago an advertisement appeared in the Chicago papers stating that a wealthy widow, about to take a long trip abroad, was willing to sell her favorite horse "Dobbin." It was with extreme regret, of course, that she took this step, but necessity knows no law, and hence this magnificent animal was to be sacrificed at a private sale. The animal was described as being sound in every particular, gentle, and yet with a record fast

enough to satisfy the most sportsman-like driver. There were several nibbles at this inviting bait. One gentleman who had suddenly acquired riches, was bound to acquire "Dobbin" at any price. He examined "Dobbin" with a critical, if inexperienced, eye, and was given the privilege of driving the animal along the lake front and boulevard. As a result of this, he parted with eight hundred good American dollars, and in return received the much-loved "Dobbin."

After the money had been paid, and within twenty-four hours, Dobbin began to undergo a most curious transformation. What had been a magnificent specimen of horse flesh began to show strange signs of decrepitude. He shrivelled up, as it were; it seemed almost impossible properly to describe this marvelous transformation in mere words. It was necessary to be seen to be fully appreciated. Any one who has seen the tall, erect form of Dr. Jekyll gradually sinking into the personality of the shapeless and miserable Mr. Hyde can get some faint glimmering idea of the change that occurred when the noble "Dobbin" became a spavined, knock-kneed, and degenerate nag that would have made an old street-car horse blush for very shame. The instance of this Dobbin was duplicated, not once, but a dozen times, and after

many of the wealthiest men of Chicago had been victimized, the police began to investigate. They were stimulated and assisted in their work by John E. Wilkie, who, at that time, was in charge of the criminal department of one of the leading papers in Chicago. After a short time it was discovered that the "Gyp" game, as it was called, was being worked by a gang of confidence men headed by Frank Macy. A warrant for his arrest was issued, but before it could be served he had fled from the jurisdiction of the local court.

The scene now shifts from Chicago to Low's Exchange in Trafalgar Square, London. Wilkie, at that time, was the London correspondent of an American paper, and while standing in the corridor of this hostelry he was surprised to see his old-time "Gyp" friend, Frank Macy, enter and place his name on the hotel register. Macy looked prosperous. He was dressed in swagger style, wore a long coat, carried a heavy cane, and had a sun-burst of diamonds reposing amidst the folds of a blood-red cravat—in fact, he looked too vulgarly rich to be true. Wilkie consulted the hotel register and found that his erstwhile criminal friend had registered as Frank Lacy. The change of attire, and the assumed name were suspicious and the American lost no time in going

to the telephone and calling up Frank Froest, one of the brightest detectives in Scotland Yard. Wilkie told Froest that it might be worth his while to come up to Low's and have a look at the latest addition to the American invasion of London.

Froest followed the advice of his friend and took several looks at Lacy. He had him shadowed day and night, and after a week's work, was in possession of his history. He found, among other things, that Lacy had become a card shark of the first water. He had traveled across the Atlantic Ocean in luxurious style and had made his expenses and a comfortable sum besides, by the cleverness with which he played the noble game of poker with his fellow passengers. On arriving in London, he established a gambling house in the West End where he met with remarkable success.

Not long after the meeting in Low's Exchange, all London became excited over what was called the "Cutlass Mystery." It began when a well-dressed, elderly gentleman, of considerable wealth, was found on the sidewalk with his head badly cut and the blood flowing from several sabre wounds. He said he had no recollection of how he came to be in such a plight, and resolutely declined to give the police any information upon

the subject. Two days later another man was found similarly wounded and in the same condition. He was not as close-mouthed as the first individual, and went so far as to say that his misfortune was the result of a card party in which he had participated the previous night. He was unable, however, to give the locality of the house, having been taken there by an obliging cabby whom he had sought with a request to be taken to some place where he could satisfy his desires to dally with the Goddess of Chance. In less than twenty-four hours from this time still another man was found with two sabre cuts about his head, and then the "Cutlass Mystery" became the reigning sensation of London.

In the meantime Frank Froest had been hard at work and, although the results were not very promising, he knew that he was on the scent and that it would only be a question of time when he would win the game. The cabman was located and he remembered taking the first victim to the house in the West End. Other threads were bound together and finally all the evidence pointed to the house operated by Frank Lacy. It seemed that, in each instance, the victim, after losing his money at cards, got into a row with one of the players. Lacy had his room ornamented with

trophies of various kinds. Among these was a large sabre, and in each case the assailant had torn the sabre from the wall and waled his victim over the head with the implement. The result was a number of ugly, but not exactly serious, wounds. The house was raided and all the paraphernalia captured, but Lacy himself had fled from sight.

The next chapter in the history of this curious rogue occurred at the little watering-place of Margate. A musical instrument dealer of London was taking his holiday at this resort, and was enjoying himself in a manner such as is possible only to a London tradesman. As he was strolling along the strand he came face to face with Lacy, who was then a fugitive from justice. He grasped him by the coat.

"Mr. Lacy," he exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you."

"Why?" asked Lacy.

"Why," retorted the other, "because now you will pay me for the mandolin you bought from me about a month ago."

Lacy laughed.

"You will pay me, won't you?" cried the dealer, hysterically. "You wouldn't rob a poor man, would you?"

"Fade away," said the Versatile Rogue, "I

am havin' me holiday now, and I can't be disturbed by vulgar tradesmen."

When the musical dealer made a third appeal for his money, Lacy invited him to go to a warm climate with such emphasis that the tradesman realized the futility of further talk. He knew that Lacy was a fugitive and he determined to have his revenge. He hurried to the nearest telegraph office and wired to Scotland Yard that the man they sought could be found at Margate.

Lacy immediately realized the mistake he had made, and learning the character of the telegram that had been sent to Scotland Yard, he made quick preparations for shortening his vacation at the cozy sea-shore resort. He acted with characteristic disregard of conventionalities. He summoned a fisherman and hired him to take him out in a small boat where he hailed a Castle Liner which was bound to South Africa. By the aid of a clever "cock and bull story," he induced the captain to take him aboard, and before the Scotland Yard man reached Margate Lacy was calmly sailing the sea on his way to Cape Town.

Superintendent Froest immediately telegraphed to the authorities at Cape Town, describing Lacy, and instructing them to apprehend the man on his arrival at that port. Lacy managed to get

ashore and strolled about the African city admiring the Botanic Gardens and the astronomical observatory with the enthusiasm of a tourist whose only desire is to while away profitably an idle hour. He was inspecting the fine new docks of the place when the agent of Scotland Yard clapped his hand on his shoulder and placed him under arrest. Lacy submitted with perfect good grace, and was formally lodged in jail at Cape Town. Arrangements were made to have him returned to England the following day.

But in the case of this Versatile Rogue man proposed and Lacy disposed. During the night he broke jail and made his way to Johannesburg. He was delighted with this place and saw a great business possibility in this gold-mining town of South Africa. The Boers were in control at that time and Lacy, by his affable manners and liberal ways, soon won their good graces. Just as he was about to settle down to what would no doubt have been a prosperous career in South Africa, one of Superintendent Froest's men placed him under arrest again. That afternoon captor and captive took a train for Cape Town with the intention of going from there to London. The local officer congratulated himself on having made such an important arrest.

But, alas, his satisfaction was premature, for the daring Lacy jumped off the train while it was in motion and disappeared in the depth of a South African forest. The officer had the train stopped at the next station, and with the assistance of several other men, made a search of the woods. They finally located their man in an empty house a few miles from the point where he had jumped from the train. He was arrested "for keeps" this time, taken back to London, tried, sentenced, and imprisoned.

After he had served his time, he started on a tour of the Continent, accompanied by a mysterious blonde woman who passed as his wife. He played cards, engaged in the pastime of bunco-steering, and varied these performances occasionally by assuming the part of the wronged husband. He was quite successful with this game at several of the more prominent continental resorts, but a man of his reckless disposition could not remain long in the same line of business, and a few years ago he returned to the United States and was arrested in Washington charged with being a confidence man. He met a well-known resident of the District of Columbia, and finding that the man had a weakness for cards, offered to take him to a room where they could play a game which

would mean wealth for both. He had a scheme by which the bank could be broken, and offered to show the man how he could take a thousand dollars and come out with a profit of ten thousand. The man accepted this glowing offer, but instead of going to the house that was designated, he notified the District police and the Versatile Rogue was once more arrested—this time under the name of Frank Tracy. He was released on bail, however, and soon after this again sought the historic atmosphere of London.

His latest exploit is really deserving of a chapter in itself, but because of lack of space, must be condensed into a few paragraphs. Superintendent Froest, who was always on the lookout for queer characters, learned that Tracy—as he now called himself—was in London twenty-four hours after he had set his foot on English soil. He instructed his subordinates to be on the lookout for Tracy, but otherwise, did not give much thought to the man.

One morning the telephone bell at Scotland Yard rang, and the voice of an excited individual, who proved to be a clerk in a banking house near Leadenhall street, informed the authorities that a thief had entered the institution that morning and robbed one of its depositors of two hundred



“Pardon me,” said the stranger, “but you have dropped one of your notes.”

pounds. There was much excitement; a crowd had gathered in the corridors, and in the confusion the thief had escaped with the money.

The clerks and the depositor, between them, gave a rather indefinite description of the thief, but they were perfectly agreed upon the incidents preceding the robbery. The depositor in question, an elderly gentleman, called at the bank and handed in a check for two hundred pounds. He was well known to the paying teller, and the money was given to him in Bank of England notes. As he received the cash he walked over to a little desk on the side of the corridor for the purpose of counting it before placing it in his wallet. He went about this leisurely and with a perfect sense of security. Before he had finished counting the notes, however, some one tapped him gently on the shoulder. He looked around and saw another man standing by his side. The stranger was tall and as straight as an Indian, with stiff coal black hair. He had a sallow complexion and was very affable in his manner.

“Pardon me,” said the stranger, “but you have dropped one of your notes.”

The depositor glanced at the floor on the other side of the desk, and, sure enough, there was a bank note.

“Thank you,” he replied gratefully, and stooped down to pick up the odd note. The act consumed only two seconds at most, but when the depositor straightened up and was about to add the missing note to his pile, he found, to his amazement, that the original package of money had gone, and with it the stranger. He gave the alarm and rushed out of the bank but when he reached the street the crowd was so great that it was impossible to find his man.

When Superintendent Froest received news of the theft, he immediately dispatched one of his men to the bank, but not satisfied with this, he resolved to go there in person as soon as he had finished the work in his private office at Scotland Yard. That consumed only a few minutes and at its completion Mr. Froest pulled down the top of his roll-desk and hurried toward Leadenhall street. At Oldgate, where Cornhill and Leadenhall streets converge, he saw a tall, well-dressed man hurrying along amidst the crowd. It did not take him many seconds to recognize the man as his old friend, the Versatile Rogue, who had lived successively under the titles of Frank Macy, Frank Lacy, and Frank Tracy. Instinctively the Superintendent associated the fellow with the theft of the bank in Leadenhall

street. He walked up and took Tracy by the arm.

“My dear friend,” he said, “I would like you to go down to the office with me and have a talk over old times.”

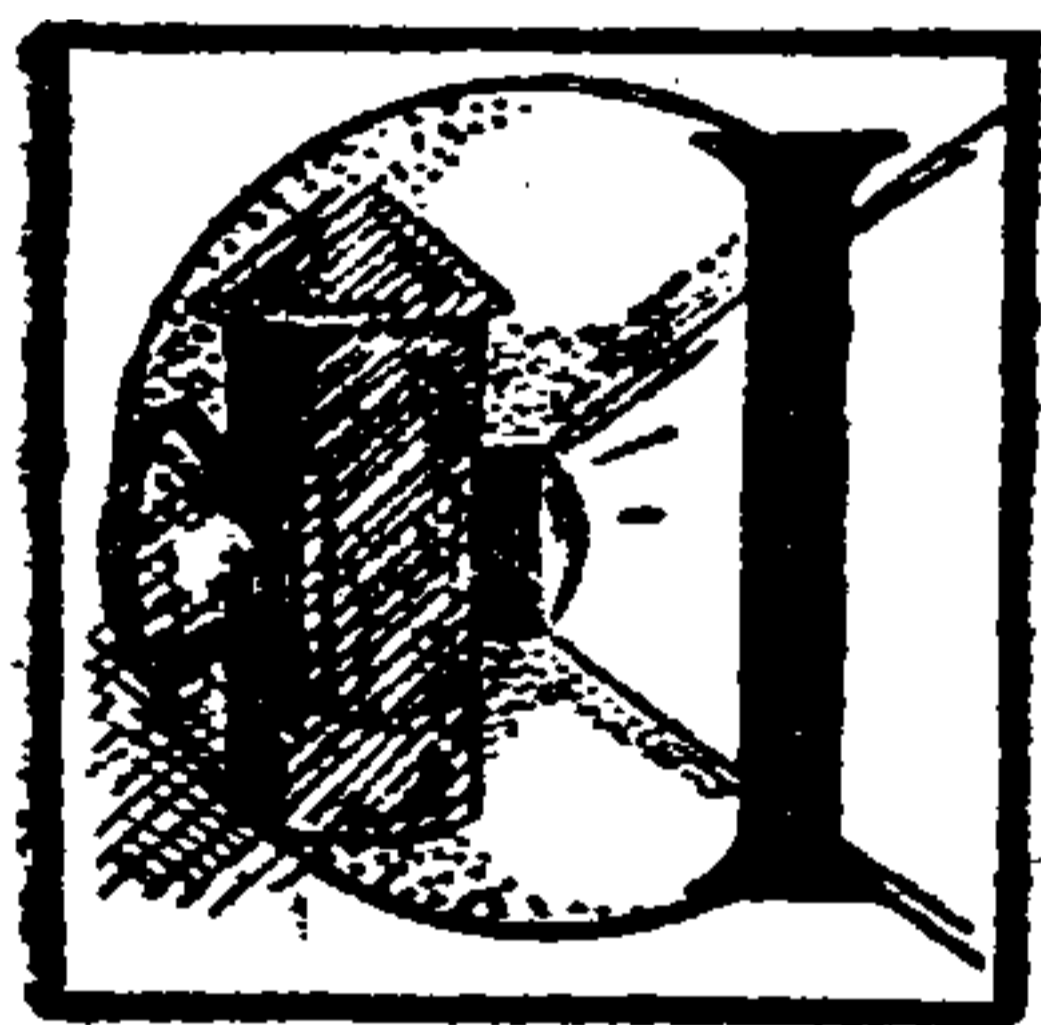
Tracy made no resistance—indeed this was characteristic of the man. The moment an officer of the law touched him he surrendered without a struggle. The two men proceeded to Scotland Yard, and Tracy, when searched, was found to possess the two hundred pounds which had been stolen from the depositor in the bank that morning. He was tried for that offense, convicted, and served his time.

The Versatile Rogue is at liberty once again, and at the time this article is being written is honoring the United States with his presence. This brief sketch is not offered as a story of his life. It is only what it purports to be—a fragment from the life of a Versatile Rogue.

XIII.

THE "HEADQUARTERS MAN" AND THE BURGLARY THAT FAILED.

[This is a story of a "headquarters man" who shall be nameless. Every large city in the United States that boasts of a detective bureau has what is known in the vernacular of the profession as a "headquarters man." He is in reality a member of the force who is detailed for duty at the office of the chief of detectives. He is available for emergency calls and many of these calls include cases, like the accompanying story, which never get into the columns of the daily newspapers. The "headquarters" man must be alert, tactful and courageous. He must think quickly and act promptly. Not all of the distinguished soldiers are generals and for this reason it has been deemed appropriate to include the story of a private in the ranks in this collection of cases concerning the world's greatest detectives.]



It was dusk and a soft fall of snow was powdering the streets of the city with flakes as light as air and as dainty and transparent as my lady's handkerchief. The man was slouching along in a shame-faced sort of way when his attention was arrested sharply by a sudden flood of light from an open doorway. The yellowish glare from the candelabra in the broad hallway shimmered on the white carpeted sidewalk so that each separate particle sparkled like a newly-cut diamond. He

halted irresolutely and his eyes, dulled by dissipation, looked curiously into the house. At the end of the long vista was an elaborately-carved sideboard, heavily freighted with glistening silverware. He tried to proceed on his way, but the glittering sight held him rooted to the spot. Some feeble remnant of virtue started him ahead a few steps, but the thought of the shining wealth within, made him hesitate again—and in that hesitation he was lost.

He crept silently up the brown stone steps and into the marble-tiled hall. His lethargy was thrown off; every one of his faculties was keyed up to a high pitch. Once inside he closed to the heavy door, but did not shut it. Instinctively he reached up and lowered the gas jets until the corridor was shrouded in semi-darkness. On tiptoe he proceeded back to the dining-room. Quickly he inventoried the array of solid silver pieces, each one set in place with prim precision, and all of them seemingly staring at him with such studied insolence. He looked on the sight greedily. Even at that moment, when no time was to be lost, he stood still and mentally compared the opulence of the unknown owner with his own pressing necessities; instantly the faint cries of conscience were choked.

The problem was how to gather up the stuff quickly and get out of the house unobserved. It never would do to attempt to carry it in his arms; besides, the quantity he could take in that way scarcely would be worth the candle. He looked around for something that could be used as a bag or a covering. Nothing was in sight.

In creeping in he had noticed a small apartment between the drawing-room and the dining-room. He turned to this now eagerly. It looked like a smoking-room; it might be a man's den. Everything about it betokened a desire for comfort rather than style. In one corner was a roll-top desk with a revolving chair. On the sides were couches, piled high with pillows and silken cushions. In the center was a round table covered with a green cloth and littered with magazines and newspapers. A large leather arm-chair, bits of statuary, a steel shield with a pair of swords across its surface, some water colors, and numberless little trinkets completed the furnishings of the apartment. It was warm and, coming in from the chilly street, the man felt a curious sense of contentment. The odor of tobacco pervaded the room and a half-smoked cigar on an ash tray suggested the possible proximity of a man.

He swept the things off the table with one brush

of his arm. One of the books fell on the floor with a thud that resounded in the hallway. He paused, half frightened at his own audacity. It was plain to be seen that this was his first job. The merest tyro in the art of burglary would not have blundered so. He stood silent for a moment. Not a sound was to be heard. The blunder was not fatal. He deliberated for a moment after that upon whether he should take the tablecloth into the dining room or carry the silver into this little apartment.

His decision favored bringing it in to the table, so he acted accordingly. He crept back into the dining room and, lifting all of the silver he could carry, carefully tiptoed to the little den again and deposited it on the green tablecloth. The trip was repeated three times before his cupidity was satisfied. After that he began laboriously to tie it up in a bundle. It dawned upon him then for the first time that he was engaged in a perilous work. But so far he had been successful, and nothing succeeds like success.

Just as he had finished tying the last knot in the bundle his attention was attracted by a peculiar sound in the hallway. It came, swish, swish, like the noise of the waves lapping against the side of a boat. Even to his untrained ear its meaning was

certain. It was the movement of a woman's silk dress. His hands dropped from the bundle and he stood stock still. The sound came nearer and nearer. Unconsciously he doubled up his fist and stepped to one side. He would brain her as she entered and then escape with his booty. But the moment the resolve was made it was abandoned. He was in a desperate plight, but he could not attack a helpless woman. His manhood revolted against it, and manhood is an inconvenient thing for a burglar—especially an amateur burglar.

Presently she reached the doorway and as she looked into the room she gave a start and her face became white. He could see that even in the dim gaslight. But she did not scream or speak. She passed on and in a moment he heard the bang of the front door as it was slammed shut. He was wondering whether she had seen him, when she suddenly reappeared and, parting the curtains, stood in the doorway like a statue. When she spoke her voice was firm and determined—not a tremor in it.

“The butler is behind that curtain with a loaded revolver. If you dare to move you will be shot down like a dog!”

Her tones were convincing. He stood still,

helpless and dejected. She walked into the apartment with the air of one who is master of the situation. He retreated into the far end of the room like a cornered rat. In spite of his predicament he could not help admiring her courage. She went to the side and, facing him, picked up something from a shelf on the wall. He noticed for the first time that there was a telephone in the room. She lifted the receiver and put it to her ear. Bending close to the transmitter she called out in an unfaltering voice:

“Main 9176.”

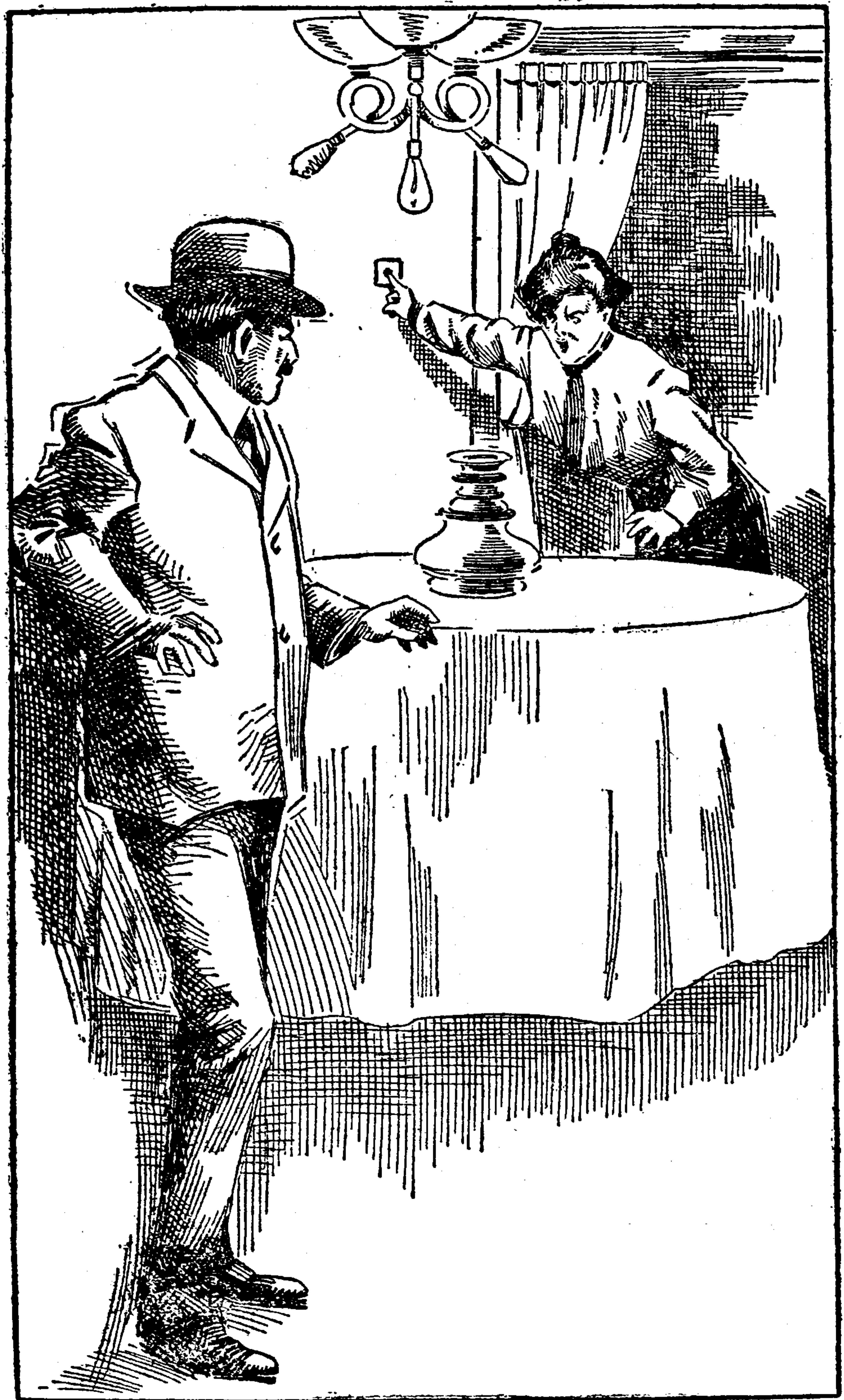
There was a moment's pause. A desire to spring on her seized him; but he looked in the direction of the curtains and an ominous bulging of the drapery restrained him. Now she was speaking again:

“Dick! Dick!” she cried into the telephone, “come back to the house at once.”

There was another pause and then she exclaimed:

“Never mind! Come at once. It is urgent. There is a man here who must see you at once. It is very urgent.”

His lips curled in the dark; he could not restrain a desire to taunt her. He tried to keep down the impulse. But it was no use. So he blurted out:



“Instantly the little room was flooded with electricity.”

“Very clever; I suppose you think you are going to do the heroine act with me. Well, you are mistaken. When Dick comes here he won’t find me here.

She made no reply to this. While he was talking she had picked up the receiver again. He gazed at her through the gloom, but made no attempt to interfere. A waving of the curtains might have acted as a deterrent.

“Is that the central station?”

Her voice was tremulous and unreal, but quite distinct. The response must have come quickly, for she added, speaking rapidly:

“Send an officer here at once; yes, Ashworth’s—Richard Ashworth’s—Broad street. There’s a burglar in the house.”

When she hung the receiver up she was all in a tremble. She gave a hysterical laugh, but it did not deceive the man.

“Do you suppose,” he said in grim tones, “that I will stay here to be caught like a rat in a trap?”

“If you move,” she said, “you will have to take the consequences.”

He looked at the moving curtains and lapsed into ugly silence.

A smile of triumph crept about her blanched face and reaching over she pressed a button.

Instantly the little room was flooded with electricity. His hat was off and he stood there sullenly.

“Walter!”

She shrieked out the name, gave one hysterical scream and covered her face with her hands.

He groaned like a man who had been sorely stricken, and cried:

“Mary!”

They stood still for some moments looking at each other. She spoke first.

“What brought you to this plight?”

He was about to say “You,” but stifled the word before it reached his lips. The thought uppermost in his mind came out.

“Of all the persons on God’s earth, you are the last I wished to have seen me in this humiliation.”

The fear had left her; the surprise was fading from her face. In place was rising scorn and anger.

“Then why are you here?”

“Hush!” he whispered, pointing in the direction of the curtains, “the butler will hear.”

She laughed bitterly and said:

“A fiction reserved for housebreakers; I am alone; at your mercy—perhaps.”

He did not appear to hear the last part of the remark, but peered at her curiously, anxiously.

“You are comfortable here—are you happy?”

“Certainly,” she replied in a strained voice, “why shouldn’t I be?”

Then she straightened up and there was resentment in face and manner.

“How dare you speak to me in that manner, you—you burglar!”

He moved over toward her and she retreated a few steps. His hands were held out in appeal. He echoed her words; his hangdog look disappeared; he became eloquent.

“How dare I? I dare do it by the memory of the past; by the recollection of the happiest hours in my life; by the thought of those walks that will live as long as breath lasts; by the knowledge that you were once all but mine; by the remembrance of the vows that I poured into your ears—by all these I dare to speak to you now!”

She sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands—and sobbed. He halted at this and, touching her lightly on the shoulder,† whispered:

“Forgive me! I had no right to dig up the past, but the sight of you has made me forget myself. The sight of you always did send me into a whirl. I felt that I could not live without you.”

“But you see you can,” she retorted, and then, seeing his melancholy look and forsaken appearance, regretted the words immediately. To cover it up she asked quickly:

“Why did you never return to me?”

“Why,” he exclaimed eagerly, “you surely remember—we quarreled.”

“Yes,” she said impatiently, “a lovers’ quarrel—it was nothing, a trifle, a pretext, a dispute unworthy of school children.”

“But I returned,” he said, “and they told me you were engaged to another—to someone in the city.”

“Who told you that!” she exclaimed, rising in her wrath.

“Your mother,” he said simply.

“Mother told you that,” she cried choking back a sob. “O’ how could she do it, how could she do it!”

“Yes,” he went on, “she said you were engaged to—to—.”

“To Dick,” she exclaimed, finishing the sentence for him.

“And Dick—your husband?” he asked anxiously.

“Adores me,” she replied, “and has never heard of you.”

"I'm sorry I drifted into this house," he said helplessly.

"Tell me about yourself," she demanded, in an irrelevant manner.

"There isn't much to tell," he said bitterly. "I've had a run of bad luck ever since—ever since I left you. I began to drink; I'm afraid I drank too much. Then I started in to gamble, and my law practice went to the dogs. You know a man can't drink and practice law at the same time—and do both successfully. Suddenly I resolved to stop the whole business. I felt that I needed new associations and new surroundings if I would succeed. So a correspondence was opened with friends in California and I managed to make a first-class connection with a law firm in San Francisco. I came to New York this morning to take the California limited. While on the way to the ticket office to secure my berth and transportation I met some friends. We got to drinking and late this afternoon I found myself in a gambling game. When I got through I was penniless. My train was to leave at 8 o'clock and I did not have money for ticket or berth. While in that dilemma I passed your house. The door was wide open and that silver seemed to beckon me in. In my frenzied state I calculated that I could pick up

enough valuables to see me out of my trouble. I came in and was packing the silver when you appeared. Now you have the whole shameful story."

"I feel sorry for you," she said simply.

"Sorry," he said, with a trace of sarcasm. "Does that mean the police station?"

"Skeptical as ever," she retorted. "The thing now is to save you."

Her eye lighted on the bundle of silver.

"Put that in the corner quickly," she cried. "If Dick should come in and see that all would be lost."

He did as he was bidden.

"Suppose I go?" he suggested feebly.

"No, no," she said; "Dick will be here in a moment and that telephone call must be explained."

The man stood looking at her dumbly. She walked up and down the room hysterically. Before they had time to renew their conversation there was the sound of a key rattling in the front door. Both looked as if startled and involuntarily advanced toward the entrance of the little apartment. The noise of the opening and closing of the front door reverberated throughout the house and a cheery voice exclaimed:

“Hello, Mary! Where are you?”

“Right this way, Dick,” replied a feminine voice that tried hard not to tremble.

Richard Ashworth, tall, broad-chested, with handsome, smooth-shaven face, in full evening dress, with his great coat thrown over his arm, entered the room. He was taken aback at the shabby appearance of the other man, but only for a moment, and then looked swiftly at his wife for an explanation. Her face was as white as marble and she spoke haltingly:

“Dick—Dick, this—this is my—my cousin. Her tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth. It was so hard to utter that falsehood.

“The name,” Dick said, advancing and extending his hand.

“Browning,” replied the other, hanging his head.

“Tell him,” said the woman faintly, “of the loss of your money.”

“I was about to take the 8 o’clock train for California,” he said, “when I met with a loss—the loss of my money.”

Then, seeing Ashworth staring steadily at him, he blurted out:

“The fact is, I lost it all in a gambling game.”

“And naturally,” responded the other cheer-

fully, "want to have the exchequer replenished. Here, take this," and he thrust a roll of bills into his hand.

Ashworth pulled out his watch and looked at it.

"My cab is at the door; I'll loan it to you; you just have time to make your train. Good-by and good luck."

It was impossible to protest. The heartiness and sincerity of Ashworth simply closed the incident. The man went over to the woman and took her hand. A thrill went through both of them. He leaned over and kissed the tips of her fingers and as he did so she felt the moisture of a tear on her hand.

In a second he was gone. As the noise of the carriage wheels died out in the distance, Ashworth turned to his wife.

"Why, Mary, you are trembling—what's the matter?"

"I was afraid, Dick," she replied, "you might be angry."

"Angry!" he retorted incredulously, "just because you gave me the opportunity of staking one of your poor relatives." And as he kissed her he burst into a hearty laugh at the thought of the absurdity of her foolish fear.

While they were talking they were attracted by a noise outside. An officer from the central police station, arriving just in time to see the man jump into the cab, stopped the vehicle, pulled him out and now stood there holding him by the scruff of the neck.

“I’ve got your burglar,” he said, in tones of triumph, to the husband and wife standing on the top of the doorstep.

She shook like a leaf and would have fallen but for the support given her by her husband.

“Let that man go,” shouted Ashworth. “You’ve made a mistake. That’s a relative of Mrs. Ashworth, in a hurry to catch a train.”

“Then you don’t want him arrested?” he asked with a significant intonation in his voice.

“No, certainly not.”

The officer went down the street chuckling to himself.

Ashworth turned to his wife.

“What do you think of that fellow—taking your relative for a burglar? That’s what he gets for looking so seedy and sneaking down the steps so suspiciously. Isn’t it?”

“Yes,” she replied faintly.

“Do you mind if I go back to the dinner?” he asked.

“No,” she said, “go by all means.”

Now if Dick had been an observant man—which he was not—he probably would have wondered why his wife’s pillow was so wet with tears that night.

XIV.

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN AND THE MYSTERY OF THE HALLWAY.

[P. D. O'Brien, Captain of the Detective Bureau of Chicago is a man who has attained his present distinction by combining common sense with courage. He filled various subordinate positions in a very satisfactory manner—indeed his entire adult life has been spent in the police department of his native city. The case related herewith is only one of many mysteries which have been solved by the intelligence and the persistence of Captain O'Brien. Only those who understand what it means to guard the life and the property of the residents of a great city can appreciate the magnitude of his labors.]



ANDREW FERGUS McGEE was a solicitor employed by the Charles Creamery Company of Chicago. He was almost seventy years of age but quite active mentally and physically, and had the reputation of being a clever and successful salesman. His domestic life was clean and happy, and he was known to be a man of good habits. On the 26th of February, 1898, McGee was found unconscious in the hallway at the foot of the stairs in an unoccupied building at 2030 Indiana Avenue, Chicago. He was removed to the St. Luke's

Hospital where he died a few hours later without recovering consciousness. It was announced and generally believed that his death was the result of an accidental fall.

• But at the inquest held over his remains the first suspicion of a doubt began to enter the minds of the police officials. It was found that his skull was fractured, and the physicians who examined the body gave it as their opinion that this wound could not have been the result of a fall. It was long and quite deep and looked as if it might have been caused by a weapon of some sort—a long, blunt instrument. There was no possible clue to the perpetrators of the crime as McGee had not been seen in the building. Just how he got into the building and his object in going there were questions that puzzled the police very greatly. At any rate, there was no evidence of any kind to prove that any one other than McGee had been in the building on the morning of his death, and for a while it looked as if the police authorities had run against a dead wall in the course of their investigations.

It was at this stage of the game that P. D. O'Brien, Captain Commanding the Detective Bureau of the Chicago Police, actively entered into the work of solving the mystery. His first

step was to probe into the life and character of the murdered man. The report that he received practically covered the existence of McGee from the cradle to the grave, but not one of the details furnished even the slightest suggestion to account for the man's untimely end. After that, Captain O'Brien had a conference with the members of the Charles Creamery Company and secured the order book that had been used by McGee while he was working for the firm.

The Captain detailed twenty detectives in plain clothes to cover the territory worked by McGee, in the hope of finding some one who might have a motive in killing the solicitor. One of the detectives, in the course of his investigation, came upon a Belle Steinhilber, who presided over an establishment in Eldridge Court, in Chicago.

"Madam," he said, courteously, "I represent the Charles Creamery Company, and I would be very glad indeed if you would favor us with an order to serve you with cream."

The woman looked at the man as if she thought he was trying to have sport with her, but the earnestness of the detective dissipated this suspicion.

"How long have you been with the company?" she asked.

"Only two days," was the truthful response.

"I thought so," she said, with a smile.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because, only a week or so ago-I placed an order with one of the salesmen connected with your company."

"Who was it?" he asked.

"I think his name was McGee," she replied, and the description she gave tallied with the personality of the murdered man.

This was the first clue in the solution of the mystery; not much, it is true, but a clue that was to lead to more important developments. Two days after the murder a carpenter, named George H. Jacks, was arrested by two detectives while in the act of holding up and robbing Soren Mathison, a druggist at 2126 Indiana Avenue. When he was chased by the officers, Jacks threw a small bundle into the street. One of the detectives recovered it and found that it was an iron pipe over which there was a coating of lead which was covered by a piece of cheese-cloth tightly wound around the pipe. This bold and brutal hold-up in the streets of a great city aroused a feeling of horror and indignation among the people, and naturally was widely exploited in the Chicago newspapers.

On the following morning Jacks was taken to

court in a patrol wagon. Those who accompanied him were Captain O'Brien, Captain John McWenny, and Jeremiah Collins, a detective on the regular force. Collins had a copy of a morning newspaper in his coat pocket, and presently the prisoner turned to him and asked if he would let him have the paper for a few minutes.

"What do you want it for?" asked the detective.

"Oh, I'd like to see what is going on," was the careless reply.

Now it is an interesting fact, not observed by all persons, that when a man takes up a newspaper he invariably turns to that section of the journal which contains the character of news in which he has a particular or personal interest. The characteristics of men are frequently exhibited by the manner in which they pick up and consult their daily newspapers; for instance, a banker or speculator unconsciously turns to the financial page of the paper, and carefully reads the quotations on the stocks and bonds before digesting the general news of the day; others, interested in sports, want to know the baseball scores and the result of the last prize fight before bothering their heads about crime or politics; others, again, (and these are in the minority) of a sedate turn of mind, have a habit of carefully perusing the

editorials before drinking in the news of the day. Captain O'Brien and his associates were aware of this characteristic of human nature, and, consequently, they kept their eyes glued on Jacks as he took the paper which was handed him by Officer Collins. His own case was prominently displayed on the first page and in type so large that it could not have escaped even the most casual observer, but Jacks ignored this entirely and turned over the pages of the paper and scanned it column by column until he found a display heading which told about the McGee case. This located, he began reading it with such absorbed interest that he did not notice anything that was going on around him.

That same day the detectives began investigations of Jacks' life and habits. They found out, among other things, that he was a frequenter of the Steinhilber resort, and that he was there on the day that McGee called and obtained the order for the cream. Captain O'Brien took the instrument—a bit of lead pipe—which Jacks attempted to hide on the occasion of his arrest, to the coroner's physician, who, after examining it, became convinced that it was the weapon that had caused McGee's death. In the meantime, the detectives succeeded in rounding up several persons who had

been at the Steinhilber house on the occasion of McGee's visit to that place. One of these witnesses was able to describe the murdered man with great minuteness.

"What did he say while there?" this person was asked.

"I don't know," was the reply, "but after he secured the order for the cream, he pulled out a memorandum book in which he entered the name and address. In doing so, he unconsciously displayed a roll of bank bills. Jacks saw them, and his eye glittered in a way that caused me to shiver with fright."

The various fragments of proof which were being gathered up with painstaking care were very interesting but not yet conclusive. Captain O'Brien felt that it would be necessary to secure some positive link between the prisoner and the murdered man before he could formally accuse him of the crime. McGee's home was in Woodstock, Illinois. Captain O'Brien determined to go there in an effort to find relatives who might be interested in the case. Within twenty-four hours he had located a cousin who knew considerable concerning the possessions of the murdered man. Among other things, he said that McGee had possessed a valuable watch which was well known

to all the members of the family. Captain O'Brien secured the number of the watch and, returning to Chicago, found from the pawn-shop records of the police department, that this same watch had been traded for an inferior watch within two hours after the time that McGee was murdered. The watch found on Jacks when he was arrested proved to be the identical instrument which was traded for McGee's watch and, to cap the climax, Jacks was identified by the pawnbroker as the man who had traded the watch.

As if this were not enough, the police next discovered that Jacks had an accomplice, named William Willows. A stranger, who, in some manner or other, had obtained an inkling of the crime, attempted to accuse Willows to two of the newspapers and also to the then Chief of Police, but they refused to listen to him because he had the manner and appearance of an insane man. At all events, Willows was arrested soon after this while hiding in a house on the outskirts of the city.

Willows was put under the sweating process by Captain O'Brien and, in answer to the questions of the detective, confessed substantially as follows: He and Jacks were in straitened circumstances. They tried to obtain money from

various sources but met with failure. One morning they visited the Steinhilber house, in Eldridge Court. While they were there, McGee called as a solicitor of the Creamery Company for the purpose of inducing the woman of the house to give him an order for their products. It was while taking this order that he had pulled out a roll of bank-notes which excited the cupidity of Jacks. From that moment McGee was a doomed man. Jacks, who possessed considerable ingenuity, devised a plan by which they were to get possession of his money. They knew that his business made it necessary for him to carry a large amount of cash on his person, and they felt satisfied that he would prove to be a rich victim whenever they were prepared to rob him. Jacks and Willows visited the office of the Creamery Company, at Thirty-fifth Street, and made inquiry for McGee.

“He does not work in this office, but can be found at the North Clark Street branch of the Company.”

They visited the Clark Street place and found that McGee had just left for his home on Ohio Street. They went there and Willows was sent in and talked with McGee and requested him to call at 2028 Indiana Avenue the next morning,

between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, for the purpose of taking a large order from a Mrs. Graham, who was about to open a boarding house.

When the unsuspecting victim called on the following morning he was met in the hallway by Jacks who struck him over the back of the head with the lead pipe, which fractured his skull and caused his death.

The evidence was now complete. Willows and Jacks were both indicted by the Grand Jury, were taken into court, tried and convicted. Jacks was hanged by the neck until dead, and Willows, as his accomplice, received a sentence of fourteen years in the penitentiary.

There was a curious sequel to this mysterious murder and the cleverness with which it was solved. In the course of the investigations, Captain O'Brien and his assistants found it necessary to make an exhaustive inquiry into the past life of the suspected murderer. It was found that he had served a term as Chief of Police of Muskegon, Michigan, and that during his tenure of office an epidemic of robberies had occurred in that prosperous little town. Jacks appeared to be very much worried over the invasion of thieves, and called upon the citizens generally, to coöperate with him in breaking up the lawless gangs that

were terrorizing the community. He was regarded as an able and fearless officer, and the people, generally, instead of criticizing him, were inclined to sympathize with the difficulties that he encountered in the administration of his office. This opinion held good until one fatal night when his house took fire and burned to the ground. It was then discovered that the greatly respected Chief of Police had been living a Jekyll and Hyde existence. In other words, those who hastened to the rescue of the burning building were surprised to find that it was filled with the property which had been stolen from their homes during the previous six months. Thousands of dollars worth of property was recovered that night and the following morning. Several mysterious murders were committed during the time of Jacks' administration as Chief of Police. In every case robbery was the motive, and some of the people of Muskegon were then, and are now, inclined to the belief that Jacks was guilty of these murders.

Captain O'Brien and his associates have taken a just pride in the complete and expeditious manner in which they solved the mystery of the McGee murder. The case has more than usual interest not only because of the shrewdness with which the crime was planned and committed, but also

because of the dangerous character of the man who committed it. Press and people joined in the praise of the officers who were concerned in the case, and it also received special mention in the bulletin issued by the Chief of Police at that time.

CHIEF KELLY AND THE OPIUM SMUGGLERS.

[A brief sketch of Francis R. Kelly has been given in a previous chapter in connection with the story of "Chief Kelly and the Deserted House." In the first case this clever detective distinguished himself and won the commendation of the internal revenue authorities by his successful efforts to break up the illicit distilleries which flooded the country at that time. In the present instance, Mr. Kelly assisted the Customs Division of the Treasury Department in discovering and convicting the men who were engaged in a wholesale conspiracy to smuggle opium into the United States. In both cases he acted with rare courage and displayed a high order of intelligence.]



SHORTLY after the Civil War the United States Government placed a duty of nineteen dollars a pound on prepared opium. It was not entirely a revenue measure. The chief purpose was to check the opium habit which was becoming a source of great demoralization in San Francisco as well as throughout the United States. The immediate effect of the high duty was to breed a host of opium smugglers. Just at that crucial period Francis R. Kelly, a clever young detective who had distinguished himself in the East, was appointed to a position in the United States

Secret Service. James R. Brooks, the Chief of the Secret Service, summoned Kelly to Washington. He knew him and had faith in his ability and resourcefulness.

“Frank,” he said, “I’m going to send you to San Francisco.”

“When?”

“To-morrow morning.”

“What am I to do?”

“Here are your sealed instructions.”

That was all.

But it was the prelude to one of the most interesting cases in the history of the secret service. Kelly, filled with the buoyancy of youth and the importance of his mission, made a record breaking trip to the Pacific Coast. His first act on his arrival in San Francisco was to call upon the Collector of Customs. He disclosed his identity and revealed the nature of his assignment. The official welcomed him heartily, saying:

“The smuggling of opium between Shanghai and Frisco has been persistent and extensive. My inspectors have done everything in their power. They have made many seizures but the traffic still flourishes.”

“The smugglers take big chances,” suggested Kelly.

"The biggest kind of chances" assented the Collector. "The demand for the dope is so great and the profit so enormous that it has called the cleverest men in Chinatown into the business."

"Does it look like a systematic game?"

"Unquestionably. It's a big conspiracy run, in my opinion, by a combination of the steamship employees and the merchants of Chinatown."

"Have you any evidence?"

"Not a shred. Unfortunately my men are all uniformed and they have been spotted by the smugglers."

The following morning a medium-sized man, garbed in the dress of a longshoreman, lounged about the docks looking for a job. Curiously enough he refused several offers. Presently a vessel from Shanghai arrived and when the stevedore who had the contract for unloading that particular steamer called for men the stranger was one of the first to volunteer. There was nothing mysterious about the man. He gave his name as F. Kelly, which as it happened, was absolutely correct as far as it went, although it did not go far enough. The man who engaged him and the men who worked with him little thought that the willing stranger was none other than Francis R. Kelly, the new secret service operative. If they

had, there might have been a different story to tell. In fact it would have required no great stretch of the imagination to picture another mysterious murder in one of the underground passages of Old San Francisco.

The new man did his work well. He carried boxes and rolled barrels with a relish, and he sang as he labored. He was a fellow of infinite wit, too, and he kept his associates in constant good humor by a succession of quips and jokes and good stories. When his day's work was done there were blisters on his hands and that night he slept the deep refreshing sleep that comes to a man who had labored long and well. For three days he continued this and then he strangely disappeared and the laborers saw no more of their good-humored friend. In a week they had forgotten all about him and the daily routine went along as if such a person as F. Kelly had never existed.

On the next arrival of the City of Tokio from Shanghai, a smooth-faced man, neatly dressed and wearing a black derby hat was among those who waited on the pier. It was Francis Kelly. He passed unrecognized, and yet his disguise was the essence of simplicity—a clean shave and a new suit of clothes. He had the manner of a well-to-do tourist, enjoying the unique sight for

the first time. He remained conveniently in the background when the great vessel began to discharge its cargo of passengers and freight, and yet he occupied a point of vantage where nothing escaped his eager, restless eyes.

It was truly a stupendous spectacle—this sight of Old China pouring its priceless products into the lap of the lusty young Republic. The passengers piled down the plankway, a cosmopolitan crowd curiously costumed, restless to feel the solid earth of the New World beneath their travel-tired feet. After they had all reached the pier, a grimy-faced individual—probably a fireman from the boiler room of the vessel—sauntered down the gang-plank and stood at the edge of the pier in an expectant attitude. Presently an Americanized Chinaman with his queue rolled round and round in a top-knot and resting easily under a derby hat strolled toward the grimy-faced one. He was tall, big-boned and had queer-looking eyes. Kelly from his look-out in the corner of the pier watched the pair like a hawk. Both looked around and thinking they were unobserved began to talk in subdued voices. It was but for a minute and then they separated, the fireman returning to the vessel and the Chinaman starting off in the direction of the street.

Kelly beckoned to a customs officer.

"Who is that Chinaman?" he said, pointing to the retreating form of the filmy-eyed foreigner.

The Inspector looked intently for some moments. For the time he was puzzled. But a look of intelligence finally overspread his face.

"That's Joe Fow," he replied.

"And who might Joe Fow be?" asked Kelly.

"One of the biggest merchants in the Chinese quarter."

"Is he an importer?"

"Oh, yes; he imports large quantities of stuff—teas, fireworks and pickled goods."

"Ever have any trouble with the customs?"

"Oh no—with him everything is open and above board."

"That's all—for the present," said Kelly.

The Inspector went about his work and the detective resumed his contemplation of the busy scene. The work of unloading the big steamer had begun. In a short time the wharf was fairly teeming with a mass of excited men, prancing horses and nerve-racking vehicles of every conceivable kind. A high crane hovered over the hold of the vessel and when the machinery got in motion dipped down into the depths of the steamer and brought up tons and tons of freight. A

hundred men with trucks grabbed boxes and barrels and hurried them out on the wharf where they were seized by wrangling, perspiring, cursing teamsters. The crack of innumerable whips, the shouts of scores of voices, the neighing and the pawing of hundreds of horses, all mingled in one mighty roar—one unending sheet of sound.

How the teams passed one another without colliding was a miracle explainable only by the harsh-voiced drivers who never condescended to explain anything. But in some wonderful manner two tiny lanes were kept open and through these the long procession of wagons streamed in and out. An hour passed in this way and still Kelly kept his vigil—never once taking his eyes off the picturesque panorama of twentieth century life. After a while there was a lull and the passage-ways on both sides were, for a wonder, unobstructed. At that moment a United States mail wagon dashed in and backed up in the vicinity of a companion-way, near the rear of the ship. Two sailors came out on deck carrying the leather bags containing the foreign mail. These were thrown on the wharf and thence transferred to the mail wagon. The helper jumped on behind, the driver whipped up his horses and the team dashed off the wharf at breakneck speed. Kelly

remained for a few minutes after that and then glancing at his watch, casually sauntered away.

A month later he reappeared on the scene, taking up his station at the same place and watching the same scene as on the previous occasion. The ship was *The Empress*, the companion boat to the *City of Tokio*. On this morning, however, Kelly betrayed a significant alertness. A police official stood nearby. The chief called to him:

“Captain, have you lined up your men?”

“Yes, they are all ready.”

“How many of them?”

“Ten.”

“Very good, you may proceed. I will join you within twenty minutes. When you get there, wait for orders.”

Captain Mack—for such he was—saluted and departed.

In the meantime the repetition of the affair proceeded as if it were a play being rehearsed by the most careful of stage managers.

The tall big-boned Chinaman with the filmy eyes appeared and had a brief conversation with another grimy-faced man on the ship. Then the bedlam of unloading the vessel began. Half an hour later, in the midst of the turmoil, the United States mail wagon came along, the bags were

tossed in and the vehicle dashed away. A cab stood by the curb. Kelly jumped into its cushioned interior.

"Follow that wagon," he said to the driver.

The man obeyed, lashing his horse in order to keep the Government vehicle in sight. For a time the race was hot and furious. Once the mail wagon almost disappeared in the turn of a small street. When it reappeared it had a lead of three blocks. Presently it halted before an alley-way in a back street. Kelly looked out the window of the cab and spoke to his driver:

"Walk your horse now; take it easy."

Proceeding at a leisurely pace the pursuer reached the scene just as the last bag of letters was taken up the alley-way. The detective alighted from his cab in the most casual manner imaginable. In a moment he was joined by the captain of the police.

"Mr. Kelly," said that person softly and with a superior smile, "I'm afraid you've been on a wild-goose chase."

"Why?"

"You thought there was something suspicious about that mail wagon, didn't you?"

"I did."

"Well, there isn't."

“Why not?”

“Because the alley-way is simply the back entrance to the sub-post-office. The mail was brought directly from the ship to this place and the bags have been carried in there.”

“H’m,” muttered Kelly, with the manner of a man who is thinking it over, “the post-office is not the only building in this block, is it?”

“No,” said the officer, flushing at the intimation that he did not know his business, “but I fail to see anything suspicious in the fact that a mail carrier is taking letters into a post-office.”

“In our business,” said Kelly, quietly but firmly, “everything is suspicious.”

“Even perfectly natural things?” cried the policeman.

“Especially perfectly natural things,” retorted the detective.

While they were talking the mail wagon had rattled away and disappeared around the corner. It was almost dusk now. Kelly turned to the officer.

“We are going up the alley-way and I advise you to have your pistol within reach in case of any emergency.”

“All right,” laughed the other skeptically, “I’m under your orders.”

"Call your men and have them follow us as closely as possible."

The next moment Kelly had penetrated the gathering gloom of the alley and was carefully feeling his way forward. The aperture was bricked on either side and covered. Kelly put a hand on either wall as he proceeded. He had not gone far when he uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"Oh, here we are!"

"What is it?" asked the officer.

"A gateway."

"A gateway?"

"Precisely—a wooden gate. Put your shoulder against it and help me to open the thing. It's evidently bolted from the inside."

They were only half-way up the alley. At the far end could be seen the sub-post-office. But Kelly realized that his business was not there. The police captain was staring at him in a stupid sort of way. The detective turned to him almost harshly:

"Put your shoulder to the gate and push!"

The policeman obeyed, the bolt gave way and they found themselves inside a little yard.

"Tell your men to come in close," cautioned Kelly.

The squad entered the yard and lined up ready for action while the secret service man reconnoitered. The rear end of a brick building confronted him. The door was closed tightly. The window had no shutters but the blind on the inside was drawn down. Kelly turned to his companion:

“Mack, we’ll go in here alone. We’re in citizen’s clothes. We can have a quiet talk with the folks inside. Tell your men to lay low and watch that window. If the blind flies up it will be the signal that they are wanted on urgent business.”

Mack nodded comprehendingly.

Kelly advanced to the door and knocked loudly with his clenched fist.

Immediately there was a scampering within and the sound of many feet hurrying could be heard. Presently a bolt was withdrawn and a Chinaman poked his head out of the half-opened door. It was the filmy-eyed Celestial whom Kelly had seen on the wharf. The expected had happened and the detective could not restrain a satisfied gasp.

“What do you want?” asked the Chinaman in good English.

“I’d like to speak to Joe Fow.”

“That’s my name.”

“Very good; I’d like a few words with you.”

“Go ahead and say them,” was the sullen response, still with the door partly closed.

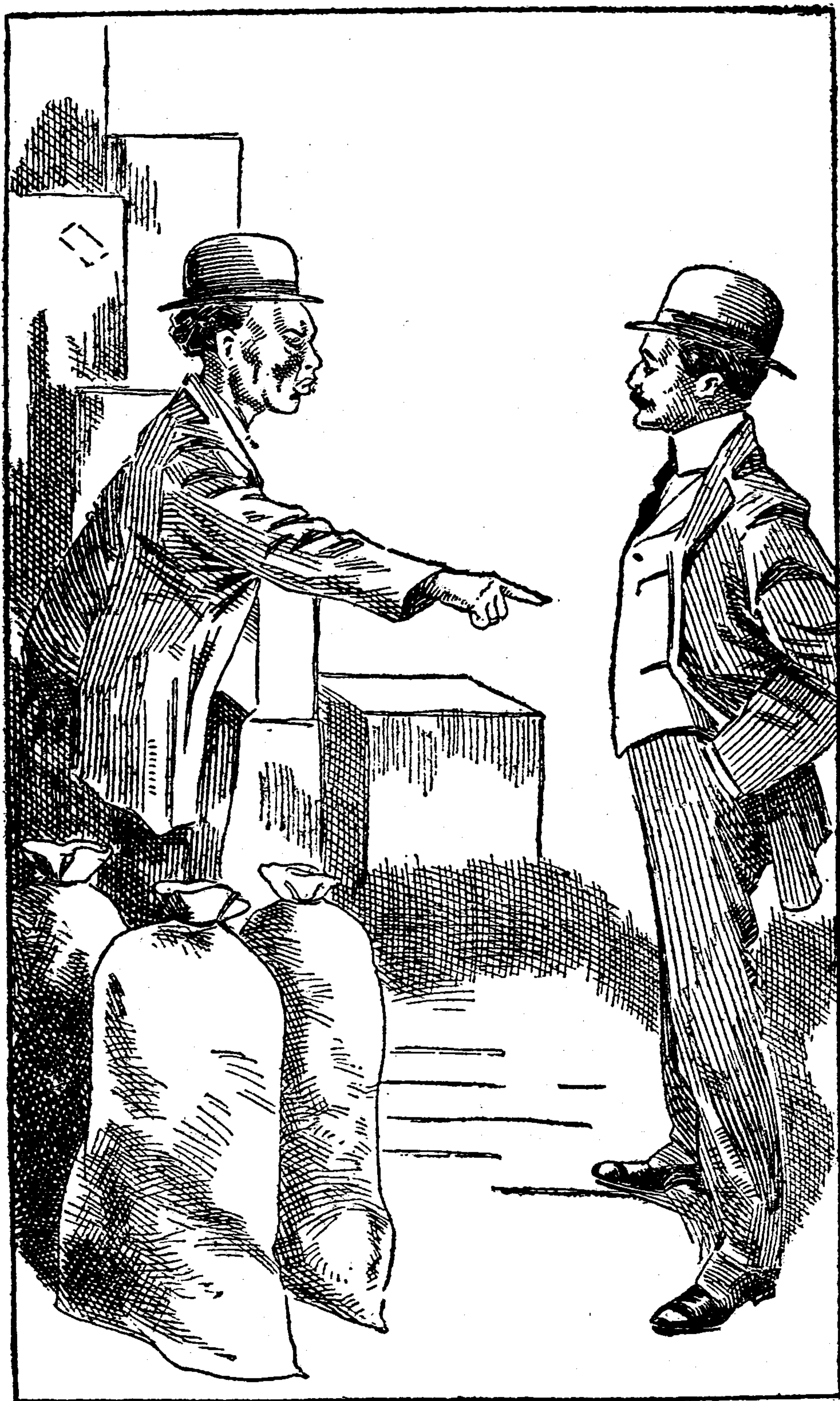
“I can’t talk out here.”

“Then you can’t talk at all.”

As he spoke the Chinaman made as if to shut the door but Kelly was too quick for that. He shoved his heavy-soled boot in and kept the door open on a crack. The captain of police, rising to the occasion, pushed his bulky form forward and the next moment the two men were in the room.

It was the rear apartment of a warehouse. There was a rough table in the center of the room with a chair on either side. Pen, ink and papers were there with some sheets containing figures in Chinese characters. Around about, piled as high as the ceiling, were many tea chests. A dozen big bags of coffee and boxes of soap completed the furnishings. Nothing could be more regular.

But the persons present were not so reassuring. Standing next to the filmy-eyed Chinaman was the smutty-faced fireman who had talked with him on the wharf—with the smudge still covering his forbidding countenance. Beyond these two—forming a yellow background—were four Chinamen with the bodies of dwarfs and the faces of murderers.



“Get out!” shouted the big fellow, pointing a bony forefinger to the door.

“What is the meaning of this outrageous intrusion?”

The speaker was the filmy-eyed Chinaman. His tone was haughty and his manner menacing.

Kelly was about to reply when he felt a plucking at his coat sleeve. It was the captain of police.

“It looks as if you’d made a mistake,” he whispered. “The thing to do is to get out of it as gracefully as possible.”

Kelly smiled.

“I’ll be polite,” he whispered back, “but I can’t answer for the graceful part.”

He turned to Joe Fow. The tall merchant was frowning upon him ominously.

“Mr. Fow,” he said blandly, “we started for the post-office but somehow landed in the back of your store.”

“Well,” said the other surlily, “the sooner you get out the better—unless you want to be turned over to the police.”

“Please don’t mention the police,” said Kelly with a significant smile, “I don’t like the sound of the word.”

“Get out!” shouted the big fellow, pointing a bony forefinger to the door.

Kelly never moved. Mack was beginning to feel ill at ease.

“Fow,” said the detective, brutally dropping the Mr. in his address, “the Government has missed some of its mail bags. Can you tell me where they are?”

The bony forefinger, still suspended in air, trembled a trifle. The harsh voice was modulated a bit with the reply:

“How should I know anything about mail bags?”

“Oh,” said Kelly carelessly, “you’re such a clever Chinaman, I thought you might know.”

“Well, I don’t,” he answered. “Now please leave here and go about your business.”

“All right,” said the detective.

He started to move across the room and as he did so contrived to get near a pile of the tea chests. He gave a forcible push of his brawny arm, and one high pile of boxes tipped over on the floor.

They were empty.

The detective quickly pushed his way into the opening and the next moment emerged with two heavy mail bags—one in each hand.

Fow gave a wild whoop and, rushing over, put his bony fingers about Kelly’s neck. With a great effort the detective threw him off and bounded to the other side of the room. Mack, at

last alive to the situation, pulled out his pistol but it was almost immediately seized by the grimy-faced white man.

“Now,” snarled the Chinaman, “you’ve put your pretty heads in the lion’s mouth and you can take the consequences.”

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Kelly plucked the bottom of the window shade and giving the spring a jerk sent the blind flying to the top of the window. Before the echo of the click had died away ten stalwart police officers were in the room pistols in hand and in complete control of the situation. Joe Fow, the grimy-faced one and the murderous looking Chinamen were handcuffed and then the mail bags were dragged out into the center of the room. It took but a few minutes to make the examination. The result was conclusive. There were a dozen of the mail bags and each one was stuffed full of smuggled opium. Its value ran into the thousands of dollars.

Two more days sufficed to bring the scattered threads of evidence together. A conspiracy was established. The confiscation of the opium and the conviction of Joe Fow and his associates broke up the game and after that the remaining smugglers transferred the scene of their operations to British Columbia and Vancouver Island.

ADAM WORTH

ALIAS “LITTLE ADAM”

THEFT AND RECOVERY

OF

Gainsborough’s “Duchess of Devonshire”

[FROM THE ARCHIVES OF PINKERTON’S NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY]

FOREWORD

THIS is the story of Adam Worth, alias "Little Adam."

If a fiction writer could conceive such a story, he might well hesitate to write it for fear of being accused of using the wildly improbable.

The sober, cold, technical judgment passed upon Adam Worth by the greatest thief hunters of America and Great Britain is that he was the most remarkable, most successful and most dangerous professional criminal known to modern times.

Adam Worth in a life of crime, covering almost half a century, looted at least \$2,000,000 and most probably as much as \$3,000,000.

He cruised through the Mediterranean on a steam yacht with a crew of twenty men, and left a trail of looted cities behind him.

He was caught only once, and then through a blunder of a stupid confederate.

He ruled the shrewdest criminals and planned deeds for them with craft that bade defiance to the best detective talent in the world.

The police of America and Europe were eager for years to take him, and for years he perpetrated every form of theft—check forging, swindling, larceny, safe cracking, diamond robbery, mail robbery,

burglary of every degree, "hold-ups" on the road and bank robbery—with complete immunity.

There were three redeeming features in the life of this lost human creature.

He worshipped his family and regarded and treated his loved ones as something sacred. His wife never knew that he was a criminal. His children are living in the United States to-day in complete ignorance of the fact that their father was the master-thief of the civilized world.

He never was guilty of violence; under no circumstances would he have anything to do with anyone who was.

He never forsook a friend or accomplice.

Because of that loyalty he once rescued his band of forgers from a Turkish prison and then from Greek brigands, reducing himself to beggary to do it.

Because of that loyalty he became "The Man Who Stole the Gainsborough."

The reason for that theft will be told here for the first time. Until now, all who know it were under binding obligations of silence. The motive that caused the deed was unique in the history of modern crime.

And Adam Worth, who had millions, who once flipped coins for £100 a toss, who at one time had an interest in a racing stable, had a steam yacht and a fast sailing yacht, died as he had begun—penniless.

When Adam Worth died he was as much a mystery—aside from certain officials and detective inspectors of Scotland Yard, the Pinkertons and a few American police officials—even to the great majority of the police officials of the world, as he had been throughout his life. If he had not become prominent recently as the man who stole and returned the Gainsborough portrait, the public probably never would have heard of him. The story that follows is an absolutely true one, verified in every particular and vouched for by the men who spent almost half a century in trying to hunt him down.

Nothing in this history is left to conjecture. Before Worth died, William and Robert Pinkerton sought him out and induced him to go over the story of his career as they had gathered it from time to time, and he told them freely of all that he had done.

THE RECORD OF A CRIMINAL

[FROM THE ARCHIVES OF PINKERTON'S NATIONAL
DETECTIVE AGENCY]

ADAM WORTH, alias Harry Raymond, was born in the year 1844 in the village of Cambridge, near Boston, of Jewish parents, who had emigrated from Germany some years before. He was fairly well educated. "Little Adam," in his early school days, was a precocious child, full of mischief; and at that time was addicted to making trades in playthings and various other articles with his school fellows much to their disadvantage.

He entered school when 6 years of age, and was very soon after, as he himself stated, drawn into a trade with a boy larger than himself, who offered to give him a brand new penny for two old ones. The new copper penny appeared so very plain and bright that it looked to Adam like gold; he therefore gladly gave two old pennies for it; and when he arrived home, showed it to his father, explaining how he bested a boy in giving him two old pennies for a new one; his father punished him for this, impressing on him the value of the new penny as against his two old ones. From that day until his death, no one, be he friend or foe, honest or dis-

honest, negro or Indian, relative or stranger, ever got the better of Adam Worth in any business transactions, regular or irregular.

During his early boyhood he was employed as a clerk in one of the leading stores in New York City, and, had he continued an upright life, he undoubtedly would have become famous as a business man. He was small of stature, dapper in appearance, neatly dressed and active. During the progress of the war, he became associated with some wild companions, whom he had met at dances and frolics, and through them enlisted in one of the New York regiments for a bounty of \$1,000. This, so far as the Pinkertons are advised, was his first misstep. He shortly afterwards deserted, re-enlisted, and was stationed for a time on Rikers Island, N. Y., and from there was conveyed by steamship to the James River in Virginia, where he was assigned to one of the New York regiments in the Army of the Potomac. After participating in the Battle of the Wilderness, and one or two minor battles, he again left the Army about the close of the war, and returned to New York. There, on account of his acquaintance with bounty jumpers, he finally became associated with professional thieves and crooked people generally, and from that time on his career was one of wrong-doing. As in everything else that he undertook, he very rapidly went to the front among the crooks, starting first as a pickpocket, and later on associating with an expert gang of bank

sneaks, acquiring considerable money, which, however, he invariably lost in gaming. On account of his ability as a thief, and always having money, he became associated with a desperate gang of bank burglars, first starting in as a capitalist, furnishing money to pay the expenses of the work, and later on becoming an active participant, and still later furnished not only the money but the brains and plans with which to do the work. In those days safe burglary was comparatively easy to what it is now. The strong steel vaults built in later days, and the protective burglar alarm were not then in existence, and the getting of money by this class of people was much easier thirty years ago than it is to-day. It was a study then between the safe builder and inventor, and the burglar who destroyed their work, as to which of the two was the more expert. As was said by a well-known associate of Worth's, the difference between the enterprising inventor and enterprising burglar of the present time, is that the inventor was several years ahead of the burglar, whereas twenty-five years ago they ran neck and neck in the race for cleverness.

In the year 1866 Worth broke into the office of the Atlantic Transportation Company in Liberty Street, New York, and forced open the large double door safe containing \$30,000 in gold. The money was, however, locked in an inner box inside of the safe, and he failed in breaking open the box before the appearance of daylight.

In the same year he and his companions robbed the safe of an insurance company in Cambridge, Massachusetts, of the sum of \$20,000.

After participating in several robberies through the East, and in fact all over the country, Worth became associated with a gang of bank burglars, consisting of "Big Ike" Marsh, Bob Cochran (now dead), and Charles Bullard, alias "Piano Charley" (now dead). In looking over the country for work, they visited Boston, Mass., and there Worth discovered that there was a barber shop adjoining the Boylston Bank on Washington Street. He rented this shop, stating that he was the agent for a new patent bitters, and started to fill the front of the shop and windows with his wares and at the same time built a partition across the rear of the shop. The bottles served a double purpose, that of showing his business, and preventing the public from looking into the place. The wall of this shop was next to the wall of the Boylston Bank. A careful measurement of the bank and of the shop adjoining showed the burglars just where to commence their work. They worked during the night for nearly one week, piling the debris in the rear of the shop and keeping the front of it clean. When they were prepared to enter the vault, which they did, they found therein three safes, which they tore to pieces and removed the contents, amounting to nearly one million dollars in money and securities. With this they fled to New York, where they were followed

by Boston detectives, and being advised through intimate friends of the presence of the detectives who were looking for them, they fled to Philadelphia, from which city Bullard and Worth sailed for Liverpool, while Marsh went to Baltimore and boarded a steamer for Queenstown. Before going they divided the booty. Cochran took his share, went to Canada, and bought a fine farm somewhere in the vicinity of Coburg, putting on it blooded stock, and about a year later he died suddenly of heart disease, leaving his family well provided for. Marsh was a native of Tipperary, Ireland, and went to his native town, accompanied by his wife, where he passed as an Irish-American who had made his fortune, and squandered his money lavishly. He gambled, drank, and did everything he should not have done, and eventually returned to America for more funds. In 1887, in company with another gang, he attempted to rob the First National Bank of Wellsboro, Pa. They were pursued and captured, and Marsh was sentenced to 20 years in solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia. He finished his time, less what he was allowed for good behavior, and, so far as the Pinkerton Agency is advised, is still living—an old man broken down in health, dependent on the charity of friends.

Bullard and Worth went to Liverpool, Bullard registering at the Washington Hotel under the name of Chas. Wells, and Worth, for the first time, as-

suming the name of Harry Raymond, after the noted editor of the New York Times. Bullard was inclined to live fast and dissipate, and became greatly infatuated with a barmaid in the Washington Hotel, who was known as Kittie Wells. Bullard afterwards married her under the name of Wells, and she became quite famous in Europe and America as a beauty.

Worth was not idle in Liverpool. He looked around for something in his line, and found a large pawnshop in that city which he considered worth robbing. In Europe, at that time, they did not put the safeguards over their property that they did in America, and he saw that if he could get plaster impressions of the key to the place he could make a big haul. After working cautiously for several days he managed to get the pawnbroker off his guard long enough to enable him to get possession of the key and make a wax impression; the result was that two or three weeks later the pawnbroker came to his place one morning and found all of his valuable pieces of jewelry abstracted from the safe, the store and vaults locked, but the valuables gone. The property stolen was valued at about £25,000. Worth then went to London, and Bullard, his partner, went to Paris. Bullard, under the name of Charles Wells, opened the first American bar there was in Paris, at 2 Rue Scribe. This resort was fitted up in palatial splendor, something like \$75,000 worth of oil paintings adorning its walls.

The bar was fitted up with fine glass-ware, looking-glasses, and everything which an American bar had in those days. The Parisians were astonished by its magnificence. The place soon became a famous resort and was extensively patronized not only by Americans, but by Englishmen; in fact, by visitors from all over Europe. They made a specialty of making and serving American drinks, which, at that time, were unknown in Europe. The second floor of the house was fitted up as a club room, where files of American papers were kept, and which all Americans were cordially invited to use as a congregating place and many received their mail at this noted house. Later on, Bullard, alias Wells, who was an inveterate gamester, opened a gambling house on the American style, the club room being located on the second floor of the building, importing from America roulette croupiers and experts at baccarat. Mrs. Wells was a beautiful woman, a brilliant conversationalist, who dressed in the height of fashion; her company was sought by almost all the patrons of the house. The fact that gambling was carried on soon reached the ears of the police. They had made two or three raids on the house, but never succeeded in finding anything upstairs, except a lot of men sitting around reading papers, and no gambling in sight. About that time, in the winter of 1873 or 1874, Mr. William A. Pinkerton arrived in England in pursuit of the men who had robbed the Third National

Bank of Baltimore, Md. This gang had been located in a seaport of London, and while waiting for extradition papers to arrive,—it being impossible to arrest them without papers, especially in England, where, at that time, burglary was not covered in the treaty,—they suddenly became alarmed, and fled the country, possibly on account of Mr. Pinkerton having met two of the gang in Lombard Street, London, by accident. Mr. Pinkerton had gone to Paris to endeavor to get trace of them, and, suspecting they would visit Well's bar, kept a close watch there. Then for the first time the Paris police learned who Wells was. They said they knew there was gambling going on in the house, and had made several ineffectual raids to catch them at it, but on reaching the second story found only a number of men sitting around reading papers, with no gambling implements in sight. Mr. Pinkerton explained to the police, that when they approached the place to raid it, the bartender, or "look-out" on the first floor touched an electric button connecting with a buzzer in the gambling rooms, and gave the alarm. The suspicion of the French police had been attracted to the house from a robbery which took place in the barroom. The place was finally raided by the police and Wells and others were arrested charged with maintaining a gambling house, but were admitted to bail. In France, burglary was at that time covered by extradition treaty, and Wells, being held on a charge of gambling in

heavy bonds, fled to England, leaving the house in custody of Raymond. One day, shortly after Wells left, a diamond dealer, who had frequented the place showing his wares, called in with a bag of jewels, which he carelessly placed on the floor at his feet. He requested Raymond to cash a check for him, and while the diamond dealer was being accommodated, Raymond attracted his attention. Instantly the bag containing the jewels was picked up, and a duplicate of it substituted, and the thief, who was Joe Elliott, a noted American crook, then in Paris, succeeded in escaping with the bag, which contained £30,000 worth of diamonds. The robbery startled all Paris, and was the means of attracting suspicion to the house, and after the gambling raid took place, the house lost prestige, soon went to pieces, and was afterwards purchased by an English bookmaker, who continued the bar for several years. It was eventually closed.

Bullard moved his wife to London, she in the meantime having borne him two beautiful girls. Later on he ventured to the United States, where he was arrested in New York City, taken to Boston, and sentenced to 20 years imprisonment for the Boylston Bank robbery. He remained in prison several years, but finally escaped. Meanwhile, his wife had obtained a divorce from him, and married a very wealthy planter, and by him had one child. Bullard drifted into Canada, and was later arrested and convicted of stealing chains from a

jeweler's shop window in Toronto. He was sentenced to 7 years in the Kingston Penitentiary, and died in poverty shortly after his release.

Meanwhile Worth, under the name of Raymond, had moved to London, and taken luxurious apartments at No. 198 Piccadilly, where he received in lavish style. This house became the meeting place of leading thieves of America and Europe. His home became the rendezvous for noted crooks all over the world, especially Americans, and he became a clearing house, or "receiver" for most of the big robberies perpetrated in Europe. In the latter 70's, and all during the 80's, one big robbery followed another; the fine "Italian hand" of Adam Worth could be traced, but not proven, to almost every one of them, particularly where it related to robberies which required expert key-fitting, or the various heavy sneak robberies, which, at that time, were comparatively unknown in Europe. There were no express companies in Europe, and nearly everything was shipped by registered mail. On numerous occasions mail cars were found to have been either fitted with false keys, and the contents of the registered bags stolen, or else the locks had been twisted off and new ones substituted. The guards on the trains were supposed to be very careful of these cars, but their vigilance was of no avail; one robbery followed another in quick succession. Steamers going between Calais and Dover and Folkestone and Boulogne had their strong boxes robbed

in transit, and in several instances from two million to five million francs were abstracted from the mails in this way.

In 1873 Worth made a trip with a party to South America and the West Indies. In the town of Kingston, Jamaica, they discovered that about \$10,000 was kept in a safe in one of the storehouses near the docks. They entered at night by the rear and worked at the safe, but the noise made attracted the attention of some one and the cry of thief was immediately raised so that they had to decamp. The following morning a negro employed in the warehouse was severely beaten. He was suspected of having committed the crime, because there were kept in the warehouse two large blood hounds which were supposed to interfere with strangers who might venture within their reach during the night. For that reason the owners thought that the burglar must be some one connected with the place whom the dogs knew. The fact was that Worth and his associate did not know of the presence of the dogs, and were very much frightened to see dogs coming towards them from the very side of the building where the windows through which they entered were located. Fortunately the blood hounds were quite friendly and did not even bark at the thieves, who, after being reassured by their pacific demeanor, went hard to work at the safe.

In 1875 a gang of American thieves, consisting

of Carl Sescovitch, alias Howard Adams, Joe Chapman, alias "Little Joe," Joe Elliott, alias "Little Joe," and Charles Becker, alias "The Dutchman," were arrested in Smyrna, Turkey, for passing forged circular letters of credit, purporting to be issued by Coutts Bank, London. Previous to this, they had been committing forgeries all over Europe, and Worth was known to be their banker. They were tried, convicted, and sentenced in Smyrna to seven years imprisonment at Constantinople. About a year after their confinement, Worth, who was never idle, had conceived a plan to effect their liberty, and went on to Constantinople and arranged all the details, by which all but Chapman, alias "Little Joe," were enabled to escape from the Turkish prison. They made their way towards England, but while passing through Asia Minor they were captured by Greek bandits, who, in spite of the fact that their captives were fugitives from prison, held them for ransom. They paroled Joe Elliott, alias "Little Joe," and he made his way to London, communicated with Worth, and the latter raised two thousand pounds sterling, which money "Little Joe" took back and delivered to the bandits, and effected the liberation of his comrades. Chapman, however, did not succeed in getting out of prison in Constantinople, and served his full sentence. The others went to London, and Sescovitch and his wife made their headquarters at the house of Mrs. Joe Chapman, who was known as Mrs. Brown, on Brompton

Road, London. It took considerable time before they could get to making money again. At last Becker prepared some forged paper on which £2,500 was realized; this forgery was speedily followed by another and another, and still a fourth one. On account of knowing the usual manner by which English bank notes were traced, to prevent detection, and evade arrest, after obtaining money on the forged paper, the thieves would at once flee to the Continent and get the money changed at brokers' offices, banks or exchange offices for notes of other numbers before the numbers of the stolen notes were published. In '76 they passed one of these checks, the money was sent to the Continent, as usual, and while one of the gang was exchanging the money in an exchange office underneath the Grand Hotel, on Grand Boulevard, Paris, he was arrested, and while he was not identified as the man who passed the forged check, or as having had anything to do with it, yet he was held on the charge of forgery; extradition papers were applied for, and, notwithstanding a strong legal fight in France, he was extradited to London, charged with being the principal in the forgery. The man arrested was a friend and a great favorite of Worth, whose inventive brain at once set to work to release him. Worth declared he would get his friend out before a trial could be reached. This was not an easy matter, because the law in England is not like that in America, where almost anyone can furnish a

bond. The bondsman in England must be a freeholder, and of good reputation. While plans for this man's release were being discussed and formulated, Worth and a companion—a notorious English thief named Jack Phillips, better known by the name of "Junka"—while walking along Bond Street, observed a great many carriages stopping at the art gallery of Agnew & Co., on that thoroughfare, and large crowds of people entering the place. Their curiosity was aroused, and on entering the gallery they found that the noted Gainsborough portrait, which was on exhibition, was the cause of attracting so many people there. This was, at that time, the highest priced picture ever painted by an English artist, and which had a few days before been purchased at a public sale of Christie's, by the Agnews, for £10,500. The thieves carefully scanned the painting with the other visitors. Leaving the gallery, Worth immediately told "Junka" that he had discovered a way of releasing their friend. Phillips wanted to know how it could be done. Worth told him that he would steal the Gainsborough painting, cutting it out of the frame, and by doing so would have means at their disposal to get their friend out of prison. The Englishman objected to the proposition, saying if they stole the picture, it would be a "white elephant" on their hands, that they could not dispose of it at any price, as the fame of the picture was world-wide. Worth revealed the plan he had by which the possession of

the picture could be used to compel the Agnews to go bail for the thief then in custody. "Little Joe" Elliott, who was connected with the forgery, was taken into their confidence, and a conference held. The plan, as outlined, was as follows: The theft was to be committed on a foggy night, which, in the spring season, is very frequent in London. Elliott was delegated to be the "lookout," and observe the movements of the night watchman, and policeman on the beat. Jack Phillips, who was a very large and powerful man, was to stand underneath the window in front of the Agnew store, while Worth, who was a small and light man, was to mount Phillips' shoulders, and raised on his arms—like a circus performer—to the top of the sign, would spring himself up to the window, await his opportunity to raise the window, get inside, and with the aid of a step-ladder, cut the picture from the frame, roll it up, and at a given signal from Elliott that there was no danger of detection, would pass the picture down to Phillips. Worth was then to leave the place, going down the way he went up, closing the window carefully behind him, and all would proceed in the quietest manner possible to a rendezvous which had been agreed upon, where the picture would be safely hidden. It was agreed that Worth was to be the custodian of the picture. At first Phillips objected to the plan as outlined, arguing that it was not feasible, but Elliott and Worth satisfied him that it could be done, and it

was agreed to make a trial, at any rate. On a foggy night, a night or two later after reconnoitering and finding a desirable opportunity to commit the theft, the street being comparatively deserted, the plan was carried out as outlined, Worth securing the picture, and fleeing in safety with his two companions.

Worth explained that he would go to an acquaintance, a solicitor of shady reputation, who was an ex-convict, and instruct him to call on the prisoner in the jail, and hand him a small canvas clipping cut from the side of the picture. The attorney was then to go to Agnew & Co. and say to them that he had a client in the Newgate Prison who could give them valuable information concerning the Gainsborough picture. The prisoner in jail was to say to them, that if his liberation was effected, he would guarantee to return the picture, and as an evidence of good faith, and that he was telling the truth, he was to produce the piece of canvas cut from the side of the picture, which they could fit on the frame as a test.

On the morning of May 26th, 1876, when the Agnews opened their gallery, they were astonished to find the picture had been stolen, with no clew whatever to its whereabouts. The theft caused a great sensation. The Agnews offered a reward of £1,000 for the recovery of the picture, and had photographs and descriptions of the picture sent all

over the known world. The police were at first mystified over the matter.

Meantime, Mr. Besley, the solicitor who had been retained to defend the prisoner, and who is now an honored Judge on the bench in London, had discovered that there was a flaw in the extradition papers; that the man had been extradited from France as a principal to the forgery on the London and Westminster Bank, whereas he should have been extradited as an accessory after the fact, and on that plea a writ of habeas corpus was obtained, the prisoner was brought into court and the Judge ordered his discharge, and instructed that he be given 30 days in which to leave England; that if he did not leave by that time he was subject to arrest and trial on the charge of accessory to the forgery. It is needless to say that the thief did not need the 30 days; one day was enough to get out of England and disappear. That left the picture in the hands of Worth and his confederates in the shape of a "white elephant," which they did not know how to dispose of. They were afraid to trust anybody to return it for a reward. Gradually certain facts leaked out in regard to the robbery, which put the London police in possession of information as to who the perpetrators of the robbery were, but they had only hear-say evidence, and no proof whatever. Every possible ingenuity was used by Scotland Yard detectives to find the hiding place of the picture

and fasten the crime on the thieves, but all efforts failed.

Meantime the picture remained in Worth's custody, in hiding in London, but Phillips, from time to time, had borrowed money from Worth for his interest in it, for they thought they might realize some money on it eventually. This state of affairs continued for several years, until Worth and Phillips had a falling out. Phillips demanded that the picture be produced and he would pay his indebtedness, and buy out Worth's interest. An arrangement was made for a meeting at the Criterion Bar, in London. Worth, suspecting treachery, secretly took a position, watched Phillips' movements, and found that he was accompanied by two well-known detectives from Scotland Yard. It is needless to say that neither Worth nor the picture put in an appearance, but the next time they met, which was in the Criterion, notwithstanding the fact that Worth was a small man, being about 5 feet, 4 inches high, and weighing about 150 pounds, he pounced upon Phillips, striking him a severe blow in the face, and knocking him down, and then kicking him until he was exhausted, and was dragged off by the police. The differences between Worth and Phillips were never patched up, and although this took place over 20 years ago, they never met again, so far as the Pinkertons are advised, up to the day of Worth's death.

Worth had advanced sums of money to Joe Elliott, alias "Little Joe," for his interest in the picture, and Elliott came to America, first having married Kate Castleton, a noted English comic opera singer, with whom he lived several years in America. In the early part of April, 1877, Elliott was arrested in New York, through the Pinkertons, charged with being the perpetrator of a forgery amounting to \$64,000 on the Union Trust Co. in New York, having forged a New York Life Insurance check on their company, and obtained the money. For this Elliott was tried in New York City, convicted, and sentenced to 7 years imprisonment. While in prison he sent for Mr. Robt. A. Pinkerton, and tried to make terms with him for his release, offering to restore the Gainsborough portrait to him, and told Mr. Pinkerton the history of the robbery and the names of the parties connected with it, as above narrated. These facts were communicated to Mr. John Shore, Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard, London, England, and only confirmed what Mr. Shore and the London Police Department had recently suspected concerning who the real perpetrators of the deed were. However, Elliott, having sold out his interest in the picture, could not control it, or deliver it, as he claimed he could, and the matter was abandoned. Elliott served his full term of imprisonment, and was after-

wards re-arrested for forgery, convicted and sentenced to fifteen years; but was pardoned to die, and did die in a New York hospital a number of years ago.

In 1878 Adams Worth and one Megotti with several others robbed the express train running between Calais and Paris of 700,000 francs in Egyptian and Spanish bonds.

Meanwhile, Worth was living on the "top of the wave" in England, had become wealthy, and was the possessor of a steam yacht called the "Shamrock," with a crew of twenty men, and also a sailing or pleasure yacht. He squandered his money with both hands, gambled and dissipated, and was at one time interested in the ownership of several race horses on the English turf. He became such a "bugaboo" to the English police that they eventually tried to drive him out by stationing a policeman in front of his door, and watching and reporting everybody who entered his house. This can possibly be accounted for by the belief that Worth might have been suspected of having had something to do with a number of dynamite explosions which took place at that time in Europe, but of which he was entirely innocent. With his steam yacht he was in the habit of cruising all around the Mediterranean, and other parts in Europe, making annual tours, looking after whatever business he had in those countries, either going himself, or sending

other people to attend to it. He made a number of trips to America to visit relatives, being thoroughly devoted to his family, and on one of these trips sailed on the steamer *Indiana*, of the American Line, running between Philadelphia and Liverpool. There were only a few cabin passengers, and one of them was a former officer of the White Star Line who was going out to secure the captaincy of one of the steamers of the American Line sailing from Philadelphia. During a heavy storm at sea, the Captain, first, second and third officers of the steamer *Indiana* were washed overboard, and this man who was going out to secure the captaincy of one of the ships, took charge of the *Indiana*, and brought her through the storm safely to port of Philadelphia. Worth recognized the fact that there was considerable chance of claiming salvage, and advanced this man money with which to file a claim against the company for salvage. The company contested the claim on the ground that the claimant was going to enter their employ, and refused to recognize this claim. The matter was finally settled by the company paying the captain a large sum of money, upwards of \$50,000, which was divided with Worth. This is only narrated to show that Worth never overlooked an opportunity when there was any money in sight. On another occasion, while coming to America, he was to land at Montreal, and had with him a number of diamonds and other jewelry, which he had purchased from thieves in England,

and which he was bringing to this country to dispose of. On the steamer on which he took passage a number of rooms had been entered and the passengers robbed. Worth had nothing whatever to do with this, but knew that he was apt to be suspected as he was a stranger, and left the steamer at Rimouski before it reached Montreal, and went by rail to Montreal. This fact had evidently been telegraphed, as a detective, one of the cleverest in Canada, met the train on which Worth was riding. The robberies on the steamer had been committed by a Swede named Adolph Sprungley, a steamship thief, but the detectives suspected the man who left the vessel at Rimouski, viz., Worth. Before the detective found the missing passenger, Worth suspected what his mission was, and put the greater part of his diamonds back of the fire-board against the stove in the car in which he was riding. He was taken into custody, and charged with smuggling, some jewelry being found in his possession. He fixed the matter up with the authorities, however, proved his innocence of the robberies on the steamer and was liberated, but the detectives still suspected him of being wrong in some way although never knew how. After his liberation, Worth succeeded in tracing the car in which he left the jewelry, having taken the number of it, and when the car was put in the yard for the night, he entered it, and regained possession of the missing diamonds, which

he afterwards safely smuggled into the United States.

On Worth's first trip to the United States on the steamer *Indiana*, he brought with him the famous Gainsborough portrait, having had a trunk made with a false bottom to it, and had the trunk filled with drummer's samples, which he paid duty on; in this manner he got the picture safely into the port of Philadelphia, and from there it was taken to New York, and a special trunk made for its safe keeping and protection. This trunk was first placed in storage in a warehouse in Brooklyn, afterwards in New York, and later on, in Boston, which was its last resting place for a number of years previous to its recovery.

Meantime, during the 80's, Worth, to get rid of the suspicion that was against him in England, had decided on making a trip to South Africa, and in company with Charley King, and another noted English crook, went to Cape Town. While looking about there for something to do, Worth studied the manner in which diamonds in the rough were brought from the DeBeers and other mines in South Africa to Cape Town. He learned that these goods were brought by a special car with an armed Boer to Cape Town in time to catch an outgoing steamer for England. In company with King, they looked the situation over carefully, and concluded that the most feasible way to get possession of the consign-

ment from the mines, was through what would be called in America a "hold-up" robbery. They were both small men, and needed another man to help them out in their enterprise, and found in Cape Town the man they were looking for, an American sea captain, who was there in hiding, he being wanted in America for sinking his ship at sea for the insurance. He was "broke" and willing to take a hand in anything that came along, so the three of them went out on the road to intercept the conveyance with the diamonds. The following plan was arranged: The coach they proposed robbing would reach a certain point after dark, and as it was being very rapidly driven, they would stretch a rope across the road to throw the horses off their feet, and upset the coach. It was their intention to run out, capture the driver, and overpower the guard. When they attempted this plan, the horses were thrown, and the coach tipped over, but before they could carry out their plans, the big Boer guard in charge, who was armed with a repeating Winchester rifle, commenced firing in every direction, driving the thieves to cover. The consignment was delivered safely at Cape Town. This attempted robbery created quite a sensation, and King and the old ship sinker became alarmed and left the country. Worth, however, decided to remain to have another trial at it and see what he could do. The Postmaster at Cape Town was an old gentleman, very social in his habits, and Worth cultivated his acquaintance.

'After several months of patient waiting, he got an opportunity to get possession of the keys to the Post Office money safe. He was at last prepared to work; took three parcels out on the road and sent them in registered mail, addressed to himself, and came in on the same train with the parcels, and waited until the Assistant Postmaster at Cape Town was leaving his office in the evening and went to him and pleaded that it was of great importance that he receive the packages, which had been locked up for that night. The assistant agreed to get them for him, and went back to get the books, and while his back was turned, Worth managed to get wax impressions of the keys to the safe for registered packages, received the packages which he had shipped to himself, and went about his business. He then began the difficult part of the venture, fitting duplicate keys to the wax impressions; at last they were finished, and after several visits to the Post Office, he succeeded in getting the keys to fit so that they would open the safes, and although there were large amounts of valuables in them at all times, he was not ready to reach them, until, as he afterwards explained, got to the "darby," or big parcel. Being all ready to work and having no confederates with him at this time, he arranged another plan to delay the arrival of the diamonds, and prevent them from being shipped on the steamer they were intended for. At a point near Cape Town there was a deep stream, where the coach had to cross the ferry,

which was operated on a wire rope cable; nearby was a small tavern, and Worth waited until time for the coach to come, which was in the evening, and then cut the rope, which allowed the ferry to drift down the stream with the current. When the coach came up it was unable to ford or cross the stream, thereby delaying them, and the steamer for England sailed without the consignment on this occasion, and the same was held over in the Post Office safe (for which keys had already been fitted by Worth) waiting for the next steamer to sail. Worth's plans were all ready to be carried out. The next night he entered the Post Office, as he had done several times before, and abstracted from the safe, diamonds and other valuables to the amount of \$700,000. The robbery created a great sensation, not only in South Africa, but all over Europe, and experts were sent out from England to investigate the case. Knowing that anybody who attempted to leave the country would be under suspicion, Worth quietly went up the country from Cape Town, pretending to be in search of investments and purchasing ostrich feathers. Previous to going he buried the diamonds and other valuables at Cape Town. He stayed several months in the interior of the country, in the meantime having sent to America for a confederate to come out and join him, and between the two of them they safely brought the goods out of the country, going first to Australia, and then to England. On his arrival in Eng-

land, he was immediately pounced upon by his old partner, King, who blackmailed him out of a large sum, on account of his previous knowledge of the contemplated robbery. The Postmaster was suspected and arrested for the crime; there was, however, no evidence against him, but there was proof found that he had been embezzling money letters which passed through his office. He was therefore tried for this last offense, found guilty and sentenced to five years hard labor in prison. Having adjusted this affair, Worth brought a young American crook named John Smith, alias John C. Wynert, to London, Smith being a clever, educated fellow, and entirely unknown to the London police. He established him in his business as a broker dealing in rough diamonds, in the middle of Hatton Garden, London, opening an office there, and by putting their goods at a shilling or two on the pound less than the standard price in London, they had no trouble in disposing of all their goods to merchants who came from Amsterdam to London to buy; some were their real owners; that is to say, the dealers to whom they were originally consigned in London from the South African mines, but were stolen in transit.

In the year 1878 there were stolen from the counter of a bank in Paris some 25,000 francs in bank notes of the Bank of France. A few days after this a confederate of Adam Worth went into the Exchange office of Monsieur Meyer, in the Rue

St. Honore, to purchase English money for which some bank notes of 500 francs each were tendered in payment.

The Exchange agent had been warned of the theft and the losers thereby were able to give a few of the numbers of the bank notes lost, and one of these numbers corresponded with the numbers of one of the bank notes tendered, and upon noticing this the agent caused the man's arrest; after being six or eight months in prison the confederate managed to be set at liberty, but Adam Worth, who was near at the time his associate was arrested, swore vengeance against M. Meyer.

In the year 1883 the Exchange of Meyer was robbed of 250,000 francs in money and securities. The robbery was perpetrated at night, the safe having been forced open with jimmies. Of this robbery Adam Worth was the originator, and it satisfied his vengeance, as it ruined M. Meyer almost completely.

During the time that Johnny Smith, alias John C. Wynert, and Worth were disposing of the diamonds they still kept an eye to business. They made the acquaintance of Mr. Proctor, a dealer in rough diamonds and a proprietor of diamond lands in South Africa, who received from the Cape of Good Hope every fortnight a package of diamonds worth from \$50,000 to \$60,000. Worth, Wynert and Megotti, a European thief, cultivated Proctor's acquaintance, and while Megotti went with Proctor to a Turkish

bath, Worth and Wynert obtained an impression of his safe key in wax. They were aware that Proctor went every two weeks to the Bank of England to receive the above-mentioned package of diamonds and to bring it to his office and lock it in his safe. Upon the night of one of these periods when Mr. Proctor had been to the Bank of England his safe was robbed, but luckily for him, he had not received a package of diamonds from the Cape upon that trip, and all that the burglars got for their trouble upon this occasion were a few hundred pounds sterling in money and goods.

One would have thought that with this amount of money Worth would have retired, but the gambling propensity was so strong in him, and the desire for other fields led him into a still further life of crime, and he was eventually arrested at Liege, Belgium, for the attempted robbery of one of the wagons carrying registered mail going to the bank in that city. He had previously fitted a key to the lock on the wagon, and had sent a false package to deliver, which would require the driver to leave the wagon for a short time to make the delivery. Leaving a confederate to watch for the driver's return, Worth jumped on the seat of the carriage, unlocked the door, and had the valuable contents of the wagon in his possession, when he discovered that his confederate had failed to give the signal; the driver returned and found the door open, which Worth, in his haste, had not had a chance to lock,

and at once gave the alarm. Worth was arrested, being caught about a block away, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to 7 years imprisonment in Belgium. This was the first and only conviction ever had against him in a long career of crime. While he was confined in prison in Belgium, he was visited by the American Consul, who claimed to represent a prominent police official in America, and offering to pay him \$3,000 and effect his liberation from imprisonment for information that would lead to the recovery of the Gainsborough portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire. Worth, fearing treachery on their part, and not caring to trust either of them, declined to have anything to do with the matter, claiming that he knew nothing about the picture, and that all stories to the contrary were false. Later on his own solicitor in Belgium came to him and made a similar proposition, representing the English authorities, and his solicitor brought word with him from the Home Secretary in Belgium that his release would follow the return of the picture, but fearing duplicity, as before, he refused to have anything to do with it, or even admit to his own lawyer that he knew anything whatever about the picture.

While in prison in Belgium, he found Maximillian Shoenbein, better known as "Count" Shinburn, an old-time bank burglar and a former acquaintance, who himself had fled from America after robbing the Ocean Bank in New York of about \$700,000, or \$800,000; going to Belgium, where he is said

to have bought a baronetcy; but after living a number of years in that country, speculations on the Bourse "broke" him, and he again started out on a life of crime. Shinburn, in company with Worth's old partner, Charley Bullard, attempted to rob a bank at Liege, Belgium, was arrested, convicted, and was serving a term of imprisonment in Belgium when Worth reached there. Shoenbein, alias Shinburn, was an overbearing tyrant in prison. He had managed to curry favor with the prison officials, held a petty position over other prisoners, and did everything in his power to inflict punishment on his old friends, and was the cause of numerous punishments being inflicted on Worth. Shinburn was noted in prison as a "give away" on the other prisoners, and the spy of the keeper, and eventually, on account of rendering such services, was liberated; came back to America, was arrested by the Pinkertons for the attempted robbery of the First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y., sentenced to 4 years in the State prison; and on his release was taken to New Hampshire, to serve an unexpired sentence, he having escaped from there 30 years previously.

Worth came out of prison broken in health, and financially a wreck. On his arrival he met with an old acquaintance, Patrick F. Sheedy, a sporting man known throughout the world, from whom he received financial assistance. Sheedy, recollecting a conversation which he had with Wm. A. Pinkerton in Chicago a number of years ago, that he (Pinker-

ton) was satisfied Worth controlled the Gainsborough portrait, and asked him (Sheedy) if he ever could assist in the matter, whether he would like to bring about a plan for the restoration of the picture; that he (Pinkerton) was well acquainted with Worth personally, and he thought with Sheedy's assurance, Worth would be satisfied to trust himself in his hands. Sheedy accordingly broached the subject to Worth, and Worth, having confidence in Sheedy's statement, and also in the fact that if Mr. Pinkerton passed his word he would keep it, decided to make a trip to America. One stormy day, early in January, 1899, shortly after Mr. Pinkerton arrived at his office in Chicago, he received a telegram dated at the Chicago and Northwestern depot, Chicago, and reading as follows: "Letter awaiting you at house; send for it" (signed) Roy. Having just left home, Mr. Pinkerton called up his house on the telephone, asked his daughter if any letter had been received for him, and she replied that shortly after he left a strange man had called and left a letter, stating it was important, and requesting that it be delivered to Mr. Pinkerton personally, and to nobody else. Mr. Pinkerton instructed that the letter be sent to his office immediately, and on opening it found that it emanated from Adam Worth, whom Mr. Pinkerton had not seen in 17 or 18 years. The letter intimated that he had come to this country at the request of Sheedy, for the purpose of seeing Mr. Pinkerton in connection with

a confidential matter; that if Mr. Pinkerton was in a position to assure him that no harm would come to him through the interview, if he called to see him, and talked over the matter which he had discussed with Mr. Sheedy, which would be of mutual interest to Mr. Pinkerton and himself, and an advertisement be placed in one of the evening papers in Chicago stating that letter was received and everything was all right, he would then consider that he had Mr. Pinkerton's word of honor and would respond. The advertisement was published and about 11 o'clock the following morning Mr. Pinkerton received a call on the telephone at his office; responded to same, and found himself in conversation with Adam Worth. Mr. Pinkerton assured him that he could call at the office with impunity, and within five minutes Worth was ushered into Mr. Pinkerton's presence, being the first time they had met in many years. They sat down and talked over old times, and eventually led up to the story of the picture. Mr. Pinkerton had previously told him what he had heard about the matter, through Mr. Robt. A. Pinkerton; that is, the statement made years before by Joe Elliott. Worth corrected some parts of Elliott's story, which was in the main correct, and then proceeded to detail all the facts in connection with not only the stealing of the picture, but his past life, as narrated above, the understanding being that Mr. Pinkerton, under no circumstances, was to make use of these facts during

his lifetime. He left it optional with Mr. Pinkerton, after his death, to do whatever he saw fit in connection with publishing his name and the fact of his making these statements, and being the perpetrator of the theft. Mr. Pinkerton explained the friendly relations which existed between his Agency and the authorities at Scotland Yard, and that under no circumstances would he do anything that the authorities at Scotland Yard did not acquiesce in, and it would take time to bring these matters about. These facts were immediately communicated to Mr. Robt. A. Pinkerton in New York, who at once laid them before Supt. Donald Swanson of the Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard, for whom Frank C. Froest, Inspector of Detectives, New Scotland Yard, had been working on the case for a great many years, and who had practically got the same information which Pinkerton had, but without the proof, or without the means of effecting a conviction of the thieves. Sheedy, in talking the matter over with Mr. Pinkerton and Worth, had insisted on one agreement, that whatever he did, there should be nobody punished or injured on that account; that he would do it as a matter of friendship, and in order that the lost piece of art might be restored. Sheedy took the position that the restoration of this picture to the art world was of great importance, and it could only be done in the manner suggested, and if anybody was to be punished, the picture would never be restored so far as

he was concerned. Worth thought that the reward offered for the return of the picture amounted to considerable more than the Agnews through the London police had offered in their circular. These facts were communicated to the Agnews through Supt. Swanson at Scotland Yard, and brought back a reply from Lewis & Lewis, prominent solicitors in London, who were acting for the Agnews. For the time being the matter hung fire, and it was at last abandoned on account of the amount involved for the return of the picture, and the attorneys claiming that the picture did not exist, and that this must be a ruse on the part of some sharp Americans to best the Agnews. Mr. Sheedy, at that time, was in England, and on these facts being communicated to him, he made a proposition to Inspector Froest to go to the Agnews and offer them the return of the picture gratis, providing they would allow him the privilege of putting the picture on exhibition for four months, which the solicitors, Lewis & Lewis, declined to accept. Another proposition was submitted a month afterwards, which was, that if the Agnews would allow Sheedy to make a steel engraving of the picture, and let him control the plate, that the picture would be restored gratis. This must have satisfied the owners that the picture was really in existence, for on January 16th, 1901, the Pinkertons received a cablegram from Supt. Swanson, Scotland Yard, instructing them to take up the matter of the stolen picture, and bring about

its return, and the terms asked for by Worth would be accepted, providing it was the genuine picture, and an identifying witness would come forward immediately from England, Mr. Pinkerton at once communicated with Mr. Sheedy to locate Worth, and have him come to America. Sheedy knew a private address that Worth knew in London, and the latter was cabled to at one or two points to go to this address and get an important letter. Immediately on receipt of the letter, Worth cabled Sheedy that he would come over on the first steamer, and when it was known he had sailed, the Pinkertons cabled to London to have the identifying witness come to the United States. In response to this, Supt. Swanson cabled that Mr. C. Moreland Agnew had left on the steamer *Etruria* of the Cunard Line, on Saturday, March 15th, 1901, for America. The steamer was a day or two late, and on Mr. Agnew's arrival in New York, he was met by a representative of the Pinkertons, and advised to go to Chicago. He arrived in Chicago on the evening of March 27th, 1901, and was met by Mr. Wm. A. Pinkerton, who told him that the next morning he would be in a position to place the picture in his possession. The following morning, about 10 o'clock, Mr. Agnew called at Mr. Pinkerton's office, and the financial end of the matter being arranged, he immediately returned to the hotel, where, while Mr. Pinkerton, Mr. Agnew and his wife were sitting in the room, a rap came to the

door, and on opening it, they were confronted by a man with a large parcel, who asked for Mr. Agnew, handed him the parcel, and immediately left. Mr. Agnew stopped for a moment, and Mr. Pinkerton suggested that he open the parcel. He laid it carefully on the floor, opened the package, and there the face of the famous painting came to light for the first time in 26 years. It was in a perfect state of preservation. Mr. Pinkerton, who sat alongside of Mr. Agnew, watched his features closely, and saw his eyes fill up for a moment, and then rising to his feet, he took Mr. Pinkerton by the hand, congratulated him and said he had at last got the picture. Mrs. Agnew was equally grateful. Mr. Pinkerton told him to make no mistake; that he must use every possible test, measurement, etc., on the picture before he decided on the matter. He said he would do this, and then applied the different tests which are made use of to tell genuine pictures, and the result is told in his own words: "I am positive the picture is the original one stolen from my father's gallery 26 years ago." Mr. Agnew was then very anxious to leave Chicago, so that he could return on the *Etruria* to Europe. He went with Mr. Pinkerton to one of the noted art galleries in Chicago, and purchased proper packing for the picture. Mr. Pinkerton accompanied Mr. Agnew and his wife to the train, and placed the picture in the drawing room of the Limited Express going to New York. On arrival of the train at

New York, Mr. Agnew was met by agents from the Pinkerton office in New York, who took possession of the picture, and kept it under guard all night at the Agency, and the following morning delivered it to Mr. Agnew in his stateroom aboard the steamer bound for Liverpool. There was nothing said about the recovery of the picture by anybody until it was known that the *Etruria* had arrived at an English port. One reason for keeping the matter so quiet, was that if the Custom House officers wanted to be disagreeable about it, they could have demanded that duty be paid on the picture, and while they probably would not have forced collection, it might have caused a great deal of unnecessary trouble. The owners also feared the picture might be stolen. Many stories have been published to the effect that Worth came out from England on the same steamer with Mr. Agnew, and returned on the same steamer with him. This is positively untrue. Worth was in America before Mr. Agnew arrived, and remained in America 10 days after his departure, and was not advised by either Sheedy or the Pinkertons as to what steamer Mr. Agnew returned to England on. The fact of Mr. Agnew's or Worth's presence in America was kept entirely from everybody but those directly interested, and Worth left, going back to Europe as quietly as he arrived.

It was discovered when Mr. Pinkerton saw Worth in America for the first time in years, that he was

very much broken in health, and Worth then told him he was suffering from a disease which he had contracted in the Belgium prison, that he suffered from violent headaches, which were driving him crazy, and that he only got relief when his nose bled, which it frequently did. After his return to Europe the first time, he wrote Mr. Pinkerton a letter, stating his condition was worse than ever before, and that he was liable to be found dead at any time, and that in the event of his death he had left an order to be forwarded to him (Pinkerton) for a parcel, which he could claim, and all he asked was whatever money was gotten out of it should go for the benefit of his two little children, who were all he had in the world to care for, and who knew nothing of his past career. On his return to America the second time, Mr. Pinkerton was startled to see how much he had failed. When he went back to England, he took his children along, and fitted up a nice home, and lived a comparatively quiet life up to the 8th of January, 1902, when he quietly passed away after much suffering. He had been temporarily left alone by the nurse, who, on returning to the room, found him dead. He left word with his son that, in the event of his death, the fact should be communicated to Mr. W. A. Pinkerton, and his wishes were carried out.

The last noted crime which Worth was connected with, and which has up to this time been a mystery, as no one was arrested for it, and it has never been

known except by suspicion who committed the crime, was the theft from a mail wagon from the Gare du Nord, a package that was being shipped to the credit La Noyaise Bank, containing \$700,000, in French money. Keys to the mail wagon had been fitted by Worth, and the robbery was successfully accomplished by him. A year later a similar robbery was committed by Worth at the same place, the package being consigned to the same bank, and on this occasion, he succeeded in getting away safely with \$560,000. Both of the robberies were shrouded in mystery, and no one was ever arrested for them. These were his last robberies.

In the death of Adam Worth there probably departed the greatest inventive, daring criminal of modern times. This may be said of him in his favor, that in the prosperous days when he had money, he was generous to a fault, never let a friend come to him a second time, and held out a helping hand to everybody in distress, whether in his mode of life or not. Anybody with whom he had a speaking acquaintance could always come to him and receive assistance, when he had it in his power to give. In all his criminal career, and all the various crimes he committed, as has been before stated, he was always proud of the fact that he never committed a robbery where the use of firearms had to be resorted to, nor had he ever escaped, or attempted to escape from custody by force or jeopardizing the life of an official, claiming that a

man with brains had no right to carry firearms, that there was always a way and a better way, by the quick exercise of the brain.

Among all the men the Pinkertons have known in a life time, this man was the most remarkable criminal of them all.